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THE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER III.

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Why did she love him? Curious fool! be still—
Is human love the growth of human will?
To her he might be gentleness—the stern
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes discern,
And when they love, your smilers guess not how
Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.

LARA.

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THE flight was over—the struggle was at an end—the haven was gained—but with present safety came an almost intolerable dread of future evil. A thousand doubts and fears, unthought of amid the stormy occurrences of the last few hours, crowded like busy fiends upon my brain. I said that I was happy—and so in truth I was—exquisitely, supremely happy!—Never, in the whole course of my life, have I experienced sensations so thrilling, and so nearly approaching to the delirium of joy, as were those with which I learned that there was hardly a possibility of recapture to be apprehended, and that, after a brief repose, my lovely charge would be so completely restored, as to render a renewal of exertions, if such should be required, not only free from risk, but easy of accomplishment. While the brother, who officiated as surgeon in the convent which had afforded us shelter, was yet speaking to me, a full sense of my condition flashed, for the first time, upon my mind. All had before been dreamy, indistinct, and obscure—all was now definite, and terrible in its distinctness. That moment of lightning-thought was to my spirit, what the sulphureous glare of the tempest is to the midnight ocean, revealing, to the unconscious mariner, terrors of which he had not even dreamed, till they were dragged from darkness into horrible reality by that brief illumination. I saw at once the pinnacle on which I was tottering, and the abyss that yawned below; but the light, which showed the perils that environed me, showed no path by which to escape them. So suddenly did this consciousness of my embarrassment gleam upon my senses, and so overpowering were the feelings to

which that consciousness gave birth, that I broke off abruptly in my reply to the worthy Benedictine, with symptoms of confusion so evident, that they must have excited suspicions, had they not, luckily for me, been attributed to the effects of over-exertion alike of mind and body. I was aware that I turned deadly pale for an instant, and then again I felt that every drop of blood in my veins was rushing in torrents to my brow—my eye was vacant—and my tongue faltered—my mind was utterly unstrung. To the entreaties of the good friar, that I would suffer myself to be conducted to a cell wherein I might take a few hours of refreshment after the fatigues and perils I had undergone, I returned at first a brief refusal.—“Nay”—said the kind-hearted old man—“but you are to blame, my son, for suffering the things of this world to hold so tyrannous a dominion over your spirit. To an active mind, like yours, I well know that inactivity is the worst of evils!—yet bethink you—Further speed, how much soever you may deem it necessary, is impossible;—your good horse can do no further service till rest shall have repaired his faculties;—you too, my son, are not yourself. Your spirit, like a bow too tightly strung, has lost its elasticity.—Listen then to the voice of reason—an hour or two of quiet will have restored you to yourself; your charger is in the hands of our lay-brothers, and shall be cared for.—Let me, I pray you, lead you to a chamber.”

Urged so warmly and at once so reasonably, I could refuse no longer; and after a moment's consideration, I was averse no longer. I was in want of absolute quiet, not indeed to reinvigorate my mind,—for had its energies been called for, they would have answered, as it were, to a trumpet's note,—but to collect my thoughts; to deliberate on what I had done already; and, yet more difficult, on what I was about to do hereafter. In a few moments I was ushered into a little turret-chamber, narrow indeed, and somewhat scanty in its furniture, but neat and cheerful in its aspect. Used apparently for the accommodation of visitors, its window, unobscured by its accustomed convent grates, looked over the rich meadows stretching away, with many a clump of shadowy trees, and many an orchard intervening, to the wide river, which had lately seemed so terrible an obstacle; though now in truth it was the only barrier that saved us from our foes. A bright log, glowing and sputtering on the hearth, diffused a warmth rendered doubly grateful by the rigor of the season, and by the state of my benumbed and dripping limbs; the pallet-bed was decked with linen of unblemished whiteness, and the board was spread with dainties, and a flask of burgundy, whose *bouquet* alone was needful to prove that the brothers of St. Benedict-aux-Layes were not likely to impair the reputation of monastic institutions, the world through, for hospitality and sumptuous cheer. Promising to summon me whenever the lady should be sufficiently restored to endure the excitement of my presence, the monk, declining my invitation to pledge me in the vintage of his convent, departed and left me to my meditations. And in good sooth, they were sufficiently gloomy—nor, when I had disposed my doublet and upper garments before the cheerful hearth, and tasted a single goblet of the old Auxerre, could I find any pleasure, or even consolation, in the aspect of affairs.

I had fallen, as I was fully conscious, over head and ears in love with an errant damsel, whom I had found, like a Bevis or an Ascapart, in a forest,—and of whose name, history, or lineage, I was profoundly ignorant. This, in itself sufficiently embarrassing, would not have been perhaps wholly untinged with the ridiculous, had there not been sundry most grave realities mixed up with the romance, which rendered it no laughing matter. First and foremost—I was myself no loving character—little used to the society of ladies,—for the fierce civil wars which had convulsed my own country, from my boyhood upwards, and, even more than actual warfare, the party-hatred, the heart-burnings, and political suspicions of the times, had greatly circumscribed all social intercourse,—I had ever scoffed at the idea of pure, poetical, all-engrossing passion. And if the caprice of the moment, or the fashion of the day, had at times induced me to play the part of *inamorato*, I had never found the cruelty of any fair-one severely oppressive, or the continuance of any passion endure much longer than to the next change of the modes.

Such, however, I too surely felt was not the case now. I was fairly caught—passionately in love with an unknown girl, to whom indeed I had rendered such services as might be deemed a furtherance of my suit; but who, for aught I knew to the contrary, might have been the mistress or wife of either cavalier whom I had seen perish fighting, as I judged, for the possession of—perhaps a second Helen. It was in vain that I repelled such thoughts. For the moment indeed they were overmastered and fled, but they fled only to return, bringing with them too deeper and far more weighty considerations, though to my excited feelings they then seemed things of little moment compared to the one engrossing subject of my thoughts. I was yet many leagues distant from the detachment I had been despatched to command—Even were it at hand, I had a hundred urgent duties to perform, wild feats of irregular and partisan warfare, the least of which was cutting my way, with three or four regiments of cavalry, through a wide and hostile district, forcing the lines of the Frondeurs, and bringing in my command to the capital, then beleaguered by the forces of De Retz. I had already, in one important point, violated the spirit, if not the letter, of my instructions, in displaying the mandate of the cardinal before arriving at my destination. Nor was this all; I had, it was evident, caused much disturbance in the country by my late adventure; for, from my turret window, as I paced and repaced the floor in the agitation of my thoughts, I could perceive the country people gathering around the banks which had been the theatre of my fearful exploit, wondering, as it would seem, and speculating on the motives which could have prompted any man not frantic to so desperate a measure. This excitement, even if it should not lead to my capture or forcible detention at present, must of necessity prove highly unfavorable to my intention of conducting a heavy division of horse with any secrecy by the same route, and would in all probability, if not defeat, at least delay, the execution of this project, and give rise to a progress won by hard fighting, and at the sword's point as it were, instead of a succession of rapid and forced marches. All this to a man of the cardinal's rigid and stern severity would be matter of high

offence, and might perhaps be deemed worthy of a procession to the place de Grève.—This reflection, while it added nothing to my comfort, was to be utterly cast aside for the present—highly as I might regard, in other circumstances, military obligations, and the approbation of a superior, in a case like the present where honor and humanity pointed the one path, while discipline called to the other. I felt that I could not pause—no, not for an instant. Inwardly I swore that be the shame or the peril what it might, before I stirred a foot on my mission, I would place Isabel in perfect safety; learn, if it might be so, the state of her affections; plight her a soldier's troth; perform the duties that lay before me; and return to cast my trophies, and redeem my pledges, at her feet. An hour or two had already elapsed in these meditations, and I began to wax impatient at the delay of the friar. My blood was in a perfect fever; I sat down—I rose, but to seat myself again,—I kicked the blazing log in nervous excitement, till the toe of my ponderous jack-boot was well nigh red hot,—I hurled myself on the low pallet,—I strode the floor with still increasing vehemence. Suddenly, as I passed the window, I caught a glimpse of a female figure, standing at a corresponding opening in a second turret, projecting, like that in which I stood, beyond the level of the wall; my first impulse was to turn away, imagining, from the position, and from a something monastical in the shape of her garments, which had caught my attention even in that momentary glance, that the figure I had seen was one of the sisters of the establishment; for I had already learned that there was a female institution with its abbess, annexed to and adjoining the Benedictine monastery. My second was to turn and gaze again, for reflection instantly suggested that none of the sisterhood could be thus free from restraint, and in a part of the building evidently under the control of the other sex. I checked my impetuous strides, returned gently to the lattice—it was Isabel! Her forehead bound by the simple yet not ungraceful head-gear of a Benedictine nun, but with a single long tress of fair hair, that had escaped from its unwonted confinement, wantoning down her long and swan-like neck, which was but partially obscured by the veil and flowing garments, in which she was enveloped, until such time as her own dress could be dried and purified from the stains of clay and human gore contracted during the affray, and subsequent flight. Her eyes were directed towards the window, from which I had just turned away, and there was something like an expression of impatience in those soft and beautiful orbs, that had evidently followed my departing figure.—A deep carnation glow rushed over her brow and cheeks, as my eye met hers—nay, her neck and the brief glimpse of a snowy bosom, that was afforded by the envious veil, were flushed with the same delicate hue—she dropped her eyes to the ground, and her long long lashes were pencilled in beautiful relief against the bright complexion of her lovely features. Slowly she raised them again to mine, and, as if she had conquered the momentary confusion that had overpowered her, smiled sweetly, and, waving her hand, moved gracefully from the embrasure. My heart, that had throbbed so wildly while she was before me in all the radiance of loveliness and feminine delicacy, stood still!—It was as though a cloud had fallen on my mental vision—all had been bright and sun-like, all

was now obscure. Still, as I sank slowly into my seat, my thoughts were not so wild, nor my hopes so desperate as they had been before my passing glance at her, whose slightest wish would have been a command more weighty than the proudest monarch's mandate. I felt that she had blushed—that she had blushed for me—was I then loved?—"Away!"—I muttered to myself—"away—it is not possible!"—But it would not away!—Fixed, fixed as the earth's centre, that question sat upon my heart.—A step sounded through the corridor,—I leaped to my feet—paused not to note the features of him whom I addressed—for what to me were persons in that hour of strange anxiety?—requested him to lead me to the lady Isabel, and ere I knew my purpose, found myself alone in the parlor of the convent, alone—but with one other!

With a smile of ineffable sweetness, but faint withal and melancholy, *she* arose to greet me—she had been weeping, and the smile, like that of an April sun, gleamed through fast-falling tear drops. Her hand extended, in all the lovely confidence of young, enthusiastic, fearless purity, she sprang towards me—"How,"—she said in tones that melted into my very soul like spiritual music—"Oh! how can I thank you sufficiently, my noble—noble rescuer?"—

The light touch of her fingers shot, as it were, a stream of lava through my frame—I had not power to close my hand on that, which she so frankly offered.—With embarrassed mien, and faltering accents, I murmured something—I know not what—of hopes, of happiness, and of the slowness of my services—words—empty words—whose meaning I could hardly be said to comprehend, even while I uttered them. None can know—none dream—save those of stern and passionless natures, and they but rarely—with what fierce and flame-like dominion love seizes—subdues—and becomes the very essence of a soul like mine.—Stamp characters upon the soft and sunny sands, and the first tide effaces them—engrave them in the cold and unimpressive flint, and they endure for ever!—She looked into my eyes, as I replied, with a singular, and almost painful, expression of disappointment; and, as she spoke again, her words came forth hurriedly, and with a feverish impetuosity wildly different from the sweet calmness of her former tones.

"You are offended—you regret that you have saved me—you deem me cold—ungrateful—heartless!—you have rescued me from misery, deeper, a thousand times deeper, than death!—from agony—pollution—heart-break—shame—from all that is most loathsome! most appalling!—all this you have done, and you reject my thanks—you spurn my gratitude! Oh! no, no, no—miserable I am—most miserable—well nigh mad with misery—but not—not thankless!"

"Dearest lady"—I interrupted her, the instant her vehemence permitted—"Dearest lady—think not so hardly of one, whose greatest bliss would be the thought that he had served you—and, more than all, think not so humbly of yourself, as to deem that aught of human mould could look on the emotion, listen to the thanks of such as you, nor deem himself the most supremely blest of men!—My object in this intrusion was to learn if in aught my feeble efforts can avail you—to implore you to command me—to trust

in me—to use me ! And if there be nought in which I can assist you—to pray that you will favor me with your name—that I may store it in my heart of hearts—that I may look back to it, from the storms of sin and strife, as to a bright and blessed guardian—that I may write, amid the record of my wild and wilful deeds, one act of virtue—which may balance all the evil,—in the service I have done to you.—Thrice happy if, when afar, I may not be forgotten—if sometimes”—and here I believe the firmness I had assumed, deserted me, and my voice was hoarse and husky—“if sometimes you will permit the name of Harry Mornington to mingle with your prayers!—Tell me then ere we part.”——

“Part!”—she said—“part!”—in one of those clear low whispers, which pierce the ear more keenly than the trumpet notes of passion—“And do *you* too forsake me?—Have you but saved me, that I should be dragged again—oh God!”——a shudder of almost convulsive violence ran through her frame, at the recurrence of what seemed some half-maddening thought ; but ere I could have counted ten, she had o’ermastered it—she wiped away a single tear with that long sunny ringlet, and moved yet closer to my side ; cold, indeed, and colorless, but firm and unmoved as the sculptured marble.

“You know me not”—she said slowly, and weighing her words, as it were, with desperate calmness—“You know me not—nor do I wish you should ; but *I* know this—that you have rescued *me* from horrors of which I dare not even think. Leave not then, I beseech you, leave not your work unfinished ! As you are a man—a gentleman—a soldier—by the soul of the mother who bore you—of the father who taught you to be brave, and generous, and good—I do conjure you. Swear that you will grant to me one last request—swear it—before we part for ever !”

“It needs not, sweet lady”—I replied in tones not untinged by her own vehemence—“It needs not an oath to bind me to your service.—Speak, and were life—liberty—honor itself at stake, to the very letter you shall be obeyed.”

“Draw then your sword, and strike me to the heart !—better to die by the hand of a friend, than to live deserted and dishonored !”——

“Now, by the living light of heaven”—I cried, moved beyond all self-control—“I am no slave to Mazarin, that I should tear my heart-strings to fulfil his bidding.—Here will I tarry—he can but take my life, and that is worthless ! Lady—I leave you not—while head can plan, heart feel, or hand perform. While you have friends to be righted, or foes to be put down, hence will I depart living never !—Command me ; I am *your* soldier—yours to the death—yours only !”

“I accept your pledge !—Most willingly, most gratefully, do I accept your proffered aid.—I am an orphan”—she continued, speaking more calmly, and as if reassured by my promise of protection—“a hapless, helpless orphan. If the gifts of fortune have been lavished upon me, they have been lavished but to render me more wretched.—Death and misery have dogged my footsteps from my very cradle.—Those who should have been my dearest friends, have been my direst foes—all whom I have loved have perished—all whom I have trusted have betrayed, have persecuted, and,

had it not been for you, would have destroyed me !—On your protection do I cast myself,—to your honor, to your courage, do I confide my all,—but wherefore tarry here, if duty calls you elsewhere? Fly from these hateful scenes—to the world's end will I follow you, confidently believing that he who once has saved, will never harm an orphan's sole possession—her yet unblemished honor !”

At a single glance, I had read her character. I saw she was no common woman, to flaunt in the sunshine of prosperity, and shrink like the withered flower in the time of trouble. On the instant I resolved to open to her my whole soul—I am not one to crouch before a lady's feet, to play the sighing, sentimental lover. Gently I led her to a seat—I told her of my exile from my native land, of my present duties, of my all-engrossing passion, of my hopes, my doubts, my fears, and my embarrassment. Rapidly I spoke, and fluently; mastering the passion that was boiling in my blood, I made no wild protestations, poured forth no boyish rhapsodies; but calmly and deliberately, as though I were speaking of another, I showed her the nakedness of my heart; I told her how lightly I had thought of love—how I had striven against its first approaches—how deeply convinced I was of the truth, the singleness, the fervor of my unselfish, ignorant affection.—Several times, while I was speaking, she had attempted to interrupt me, but as often seeing my determination to speak to an end, she had desisted. I understood her purpose, but I saw by the deep blush that crimsoned her countenance, by the quick heaving of her bosom, and the suffusion of her downcast eye, that if my suit should be rejected, her heart would have no share in the rejection. In conclusion, I entreated her to suffer me to procure for her a temporary abode in our present place of refuge, where she might dwell as it were in sanctuary, till I could fulfil my present mission; when I could return at the head of my troops, and conduct her, openly and in the face of man and Heaven, to Paris, where I again conjured her to become my bride.

When I had fully concluded, she raised her clear blue eye confidently to meet my gaze—there was no tremulousness, no flutter, no affectation of distress or sentiment—all was purity, and unsuspecting innocence.

“You know not what you ask,” she said, deeply moved, but completely conquering her emotion—“you know not what you ask—nor of whom.—Noble, generous-hearted man, think you that I would brook, that I would stoop, even for mine own sake, to practise on devotion such as yours?—Never—never! There is a mystery, a deep and fearful mystery, around me, and think you I would cast a shadow, even for an instant, on the name and fortunes of my preserver!—There is a cloud of misery and guilt and madness upon our fated house, and I, the wretched, guiltless sacrifice, shall I drag down another glorious victim to the abyss from which he fain would rescue me?—Let me but follow you—your slave—your sister—what you will—let me but follow you, till I can find some quiet grave wherein to lay my aching head. I cannot—dare not tell you all—but of this be certain—ere you could reach your place of destination, they would drag me from these walls, as they have dragged from many a more sure asylum !”

“Ha!”—I replied—“is it so? Then is there one course left—I fear not—doubt not—seek not to know your mystery—say but that you love

me—that you will be mine—and I can save you. Thus and thus only!—Become my bride this night—start not! this night I say.—The prior hath the power to protect you, give to me but the right—the privilege to compel, if needs be, his protection. Speak but the word, one hour will make you mine, the next shall find me in the saddle, and, ere a third sun set, a thousand trusty swords shall guard my bride. Refuse me—and though I cannot save, I still can die for you!”

Twenty times, as I pleaded my cause with all the earnest vehemence of a resolved and honest heart, did the shadows sink darkly down upon her speaking brow, and vanish thence in gleams of transient hope—twenty times did her lips uncloset as if to speak, and as often did her words die on her tongue in low and faltering murmurs. I arose slowly to my feet as I concluded, and stretched my open arms toward her, as to the arbitress of my doom.

With a quick cry, she rushed into my embrace, wound her arms convulsively about my neck—“Harry!” she murmured, “you have prevailed—you take me to your heart in doubt, in darkness, and in mystery—but never, never shall you rue this day. Many a fairer, many a nobler bride, might you have won, but never one more fond, more faithful, nor, thanks be to thee, adored Harry, to thee and ONE beside, more pure, than Isabel de Coucy.”

THE DREAM.

Methought some kind spirit had borne me away
To a far blooming region of glory,
Where strange birds sang sweet on each blossom-decked spray,
A blue ocean spreading before me:
Like gems 'mid the azure, those Isles of the Blest
That rose on our forefathers' slumbers
Glided on—glided on o'er the waters of rest,
To the sound of the dulcimer's numbers.

“Ye fair spirit-homes!” enraptured I said,
“Ye radiant sources of morning,
There are gleams in our memories which never can fade
Of beauty, forgetfulness scorning:
Whence came they?—O where is the origin bright
Of the poet's thrice beautiful vision?
From ye, lovely islands of verdure and light,
Come those glimpses of glory Elysian!”

“These are the dwellings of purified souls,”
Said the spirit, with gracious smile beaming:
“Through the portal of Death they reach these blest goals
Of beauty, with happiness teeming:
The flowers of affection long vanished from earth,
The friends of the bosom's devotion,
Bloom again in these isles of the pure spirit's birth,
That glide o'er the sapphire-bright ocean.”

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD,

BY AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

I left London in the stage-coach for Oxford, in company with two persons only, inside passengers—one a rosy-cheeked but very stupid-looking man, whose upper lip being too short, his countenance took a very peculiar expression, from the under one reaching up to meet it; he was well dressed, but evidently very ignorant and vulgar, though perfectly inoffensive. The other was a woman of some fifty years of age, who appeared to be in a consumption. She was going into the country for her health; and as she attacked me at once with conversation, I was not long getting at as much of her family history and family arrangements, as I had patience to listen to. She talked incessantly, only pausing occasionally to cough, and I could scarcely help telling her she ought not to utter an unnecessary syllable; but she went on, uttering no others, the instant the irritation subsided. She named some physicians, who, she said, were persons of eminence, and who had advised her to go into the country for her health, prescribing at the same time a regimen, under which I do not believe she could live three months. She was to take gentle exercise as much as possible; so far very well; but she was also to drink at least six glasses of port wine a day—if she could drink a bottle, so much the better. She was to take meat three times a day, and porter or ale ad libitum, or all she could; and she was now beginning this excursion in search of health, by stepping into a stage-coach at five in the evening, to travel 180 miles without rest. She talked of its being so odd to travel off alone, the first time in her life. Her husband was an eminent barrister, and connected so and so—her uncle, at such a place, would come for her in his carriage—with much more to this purpose—and a digression to prove that she knew somebody, that knew Lord Milford. At the first stopping-place, the coachman looked in to ask if she had all her parcels. She said she had three inside, and he replied that there were seven outside. She said that was all right, but, turning to me, remarked, that she had been very near bringing another traveller with her. “Eh! what was that?” “A favorite canary-bird—there is hardly room for his cage here; but, poor Dick! he’s so tame—he’d stay on my finger all day. He’s ten years old, and never was out of my house in his life—he’s asthmatic, though—very asthmatic—and he makes such a dull noise when he’s moulting.” From this she went to the other inmates of her house, and gave me an inventory of the perfections of her daughter, and a long account of their family discussions about sending her to school, and also repeated to me some letters the young lady had written home from some occasional absences on visits, etc., one of which ran verbatim as follows: “My own darling ma—I’m so glad I took your advice—it turned out so correct—and so it always does; but I’m so

glad I did not bring dear little Dick with me, for the three young ladies here *has* had their three canary birds eaten up by the cat." She spoke of an excursion her husband had made on the continent, and of his spending twenty-one guineas in nine days; the people there, she said, had "sleeced him"—a word she used in some other instances to signify "fleeced." One of the stories was very dull: Her father-in-law, she said, was seventy-four years old; and at a watering-place recently had fallen in with a widow, a fine-looking woman of about forty, with £1400. a year; and as the acquaintance went on, the parties became very agreeable to each other. But the old gentleman took occasion very soon to come to an understanding with the lady—"and he told her how much he admired her, and all; but, says he, I've got my children, and they are my own, and they're kind to me, says he, and I wouldn't do such a thing—I wouldn't be such a rascal, such a cruel creature, as to marry you, says he, nor any body else." "He told me of it himself," said the narrator, with an air of exultation, touching my elbow at the same time, to make me mark that—a note of emphasis she used continually.

It was a melancholy thing to see a person so weak in mind, and utterly broken down in health, turned out to make a laborious journey alone, and to be thrown, at the end of it, upon her own judgment, with instructions to poison herself. She was so exhausted at Oxford as nearly to faint at the tea-table, but she put some brandy in her tea, and recovered; but if her advisers had conspired against her life, they were in a fine way of very shortly effecting their object.

I slept at Oxford that night, and was detained the next day by my own carelessness, in not taking a place in the coach. However, in rambling about a little, I found enough to interest me. Oxford is quite unique in the world—the old Gothic colleges, and towers, and cloisters, the walks and gardens, mixed in so strangely with the bright and busy city, give it a character nothing I know of can equal or resemble. Cambridge is next to it, but far behind. I strayed over the bridge by the Magdalen, and turning to the left, a walk of one or two miles brought me to a quiet and secluded village, pocketed away at the end of some by-paths and rustic roads, with its antique church and homely church-yard, looking so undisturbed and heaven-like, it made me feel, for an instant, as if I should be willing to lie down there, and let them lay a stone above me. Further on, I discovered a park-gate, and "bosomed high in tufted trees" were glimpses of a mansion, and I walked on to see what welcome the present representative of the old English baron might offer, in case of need, to the passer-by. A significant board solved the question; for it set forth that there were set in those grounds, "man-traps, and spring-guns, and other destructive engines." Such things are common in England; they are abominable, but they are lawful; and the brute squire, when he has laid out, in a park, land enough to maintain a village, can never persuade himself he is master of it, till he has effectually provided against its ever giving any pleasure to any body but himself, or those who can minister to some of his selfish interests or pleasures in return. It is in vain to say that injuries would result, and depredation and waste be committed, if the villagers were permitted to

walk through pleasure-grounds. Look at Italy—look at France—look even at London, bad as its lower classes are, and you see the public walks open to all, and yet kept in order with less expense for watching, than would be required to provide them with man-traps and spring-guns. But were it otherwise, it were better that all the parks in England were ploughed and sown with salt—that the artificial ruins were thrown into the artificial lakes, and their owners buried under them, than that such a standing proclamation of inhuman selfishness should be found at every corner, to engender and nourish hatred. Your foot would contaminate the ground I walk on—approach it not—take not refuge, even from a mad bull, or from a robber, or beware of “destructive engines.”

I found at the Angel, on my return, a newspaper, containing a report of a trial, in which the master of Sidney college was defendant, and which had excited great interest at Oxford. The master, one Dr. Chafy, had a son, whom a London lawyer, named Cannon, had occasion to call on. The business was not specified—perhaps it was something disagreeable. However, he went; and by accident a friend of his, a Mr. Stewart, accompanied him; they went to young Chafy's rooms, but he was out, and in returning across the court of the college, they met the father. Whether he had a presentiment that they were enemies, or for what reason he attacked them, did not appear on the trial, as he made no defence; but he began by demanding their names in a very insulting manner, and without giving them time to reply, told them he was master there, and a magistrate, and that they were stupid fools, and he would teach them his authority. He appears, indeed, to have conducted himself like a madman, raving in this way, and repeating this expression of stupid fools, and ordering the gates to be shut, and another magistrate to be sent for, and then, charging them “with refusing to tell him who they were,” he would have given them into custody. Of course, the other magistrate released them. They wrote to him next day for an apology; and as he took no notice of their letter, they sued him for false imprisonment, and recovered £25 each. I never heard of Dr. Chafy before; but under what sort of system could such a man become and continue the master of a college and a magistrate?

I dined in the coffee-room at the Angel, when, as I was sitting down, I observed a man near me who had just finished his dinner apparently, and was now taking a pint of port by himself. He was a well-dressed man of five-and-thirty, and respectable-looking enough, and having finished his wine while I was at my dessert, he came near me at the fire, sat down, and offered me a pinch of snuff. This led, of course, to conversation, and he said he liked always to come to the best hotels in towns where he stopped, in preference to the “*commercial houses*,” (where the “bagmen,” “riders,” or travellers with samples, &c., for orders for trading firms, resort,) and, says he, it is in fact more economical; for the commercial men get together, and they have their frolics, and think nothing of running up a dinner-bill to twelve or fifteen shillings. Pretty soon, while I was thinking of something else, he accosted me again; “I am in the mercantile line myself, sir; I don't know whether you are.” Yes, said I, I am a merchant. “Ah,” and then after a long pause, “what kind of a man

are you, sir?" "Sir—what kind of a man?" "I mean, sir, what line—what do you do in Oxford?" Oh, I have nothing at all to do in Oxford—nor in England for that matter, except to amuse myself. "I'm in the wine and spirit line, trying to make a little money for my *masters*. I belong to one of the first houses in London."—"Eh? so you have been drinking your own port, perhaps?"—"Yes, perhaps so, it's very good; but port is becoming scarce and dear."—"Pray, is it true that they make it sometimes in London?"—"Yes, sometimes, but not a good article; if you buy a high-priced port, you get it pure." He proceeded to give me some account of the state of the wine trade at London, which led to a discussion on national character, as connected with smuggling; and I said, what I believe is true, that, as a trading nation, the English stood decidedly higher in the scale of integrity than their neighbors in general on the continent—and I believed they had much more regard for truth, and for the obligation of an oath, in the custom-house or out of it. He said, "Yes, perhaps so—out of London, but," says he, "there is a set of fellows about the custom-house, that don't mind swearing—they're too used to it." "But," said I, "what of that? these men are not the great importers on whose business you depend for the revenue of your customs." "No, not exactly; but the importers may employ them—there's a good deal of management in such business; and if I have a cargo of wine to enter, and I take the officer on board the ship, and tell him, Here now, you see this is poor stuff, and it is not worth much, after he has tasted a cask or two, he begins to think so. He must be a prime taster as can't be deceived when the wines are new in cask; and if you let the government put their own value upon it, instead of telling what it cost, you are sure to save money by it." "But," said I, "if they put you on oath, what then?" "Oh!" says he, "on oath, to be sure, I would not swear exactly to any thing I knew was false, but then I may not know exactly what the wine did cost."—"But if they ask you, if you have received an invoice."—"Oh, I should not do the business myself; I employ a broker; he does not know whether I have received an invoice or not;"—"And so he swears you have not." "Yes, sir—that is—I give him *half a crown*,—and so—it's his business, you know, and he swears to it."

Next day, I left Oxford for Birmingham, the only inside passenger at first, but about half way to Woodstock we picked up a man about forty years old, who was walking; he seemed a respectable shopkeeper of Oxford, and was going, as I gathered from his conversation, to a village beyond Woodstock, and off the road on some business connected with foreign missions. I asked him some question about the Duke of Marlborough, and was amused to find, from one of his answers, that he supposed the present duke to be the original or "*great*" one. He said the duke lived in great seclusion, with his mistress and his gardeners, occupying his time chiefly with horticulture and reading. He is overwhelmed with debts, and although he is now supposed to have a good deal of money by him, he pays nobody. There are large amounts due in small debts to poor laborers, who have done work upon his grounds. My new friend had seen a man that very day, who had a claim for ten pounds of this sort, and was very poor, but could not get a penny. The duke, as a peer, cannot be arrested;

his estate is entailed, and nobody can touch that; not only his creditors are debarred, but he himself cannot diminish or injure it, and his son and heir, the Marquis of Blandford, with whom he has had much litigation, has actually placed conservators in his house, to watch his proceedings, and prevent his injuring that, or cutting down the trees in the park. But this hopeful personage has a pension of £4000 a year, granted to his great ancestor to aid in keeping up the dignity of his title; and he is a standing token of the practicability of keeping up hereditary dignity with public money. My new acquaintance asked me some questions about America, when I told him I came from there, but he confounded it constantly, somehow or other, with India, and persisted, notwithstanding my explanations to the contrary, in treating it as a mere point, or single town, concerning which general questions could be asked and answered. He asked what was the climate? I told him it was infinitely various, through an extent of country fifty times greater than England: and he asked me what was the nature of the soil? and I gave almost the very same answer; but this did not prevent his asking if the country was mountainous—whether we had any pasture land, and whether the face of the country, on the whole, was at all like Oxfordshire. He also inquired whether we had churches; whether missionaries were well received among us; and whether our priests had much influence with the people; and in commenting on I know not what answer I gave to this last question, he said a mission-lecturer in Oxford had stated, that, in India, the great impediment to the success of missions was the hostility of the native priests. A proper person this, to have superfluous energies to lay out in doing good in India, after effecting all that could be done in his daily walks; and a good exemplification of the fact, that, although Ignorance is never desirous to learn, she is not, on that account, the less desirous to teach.

We set down this enlightener of the people that sit in darkness at a turn of the road, and took up a tall healthy looking Quaker of fifty or fifty-five years of age, with whom I fell shortly into a discussion of the question now agitating in England, of the means of relief to be afforded the dissenters, and especially of the bill respecting their marriages, lately introduced by Lord John Russell, but dropped by the minority at an early stage of its progress, on account of its proving utterly unsatisfactory to the parties concerned. At present no marriage is valid in England by statute law, unless solemnized by a clergyman of the Church of England, and according to the forms of that church; and to this all dissenters, except the Jews and Quakers, have submitted. These two sects never have; but, as my new acquaintance expressed it, they "*took*" long ago the relief the others are asking for—they solemnized their own marriages in their own way, and the tribunals of the kingdom, in cases where the validity of such marriages has been called in question, have recognized them as valid. Lord Eldon, however, on some occasion not long since, said he should like to see any twelve of the best lawyers in England make out a clear answer to the question, what constitutes a valid Jew or Quaker marriage? Still, these classes have forms, it seems, that in practice answer the purpose; and, as for Lord Eldon's doubts, it is probable they care very

little about them. Why the other dissenters do not "take" what they are seeking, instead of asking for it, is a question I cannot answer; but one pities them less for being subjected to vexations and disabilities, when one sees that sects so feeble, in comparison to the great mass of the present petitioners, as the Jews and Quakers are, have only had to be unanimous and firm in "taking," to save all necessity of petitioning. The payment of church rates and tithes, which is a direct contribution by the dissenters to the support of a religious establishment, they disapprove; and the appropriation by government of the public money to build churches, which is an indirect one; and their non-admission to the benefits of degrees at the universities on the same terms as conformists, are grievances which parliament ought to redress; but, before asking them, the dissenters ought to take with their own hands what lies within their reach. Notions like these were quite agreeable, as may be supposed, to the views of my companion; and he coincided with me in the expression of them fully. He delivered himself well in conversation; and, when I was speaking, he listened with an intelligent good-humored expression, with some symptoms of a smile in his cheeks; and his mouth closed firmly, as if to suppress it, that made his whole face look like a compendium of the characteristics of his sect. Benevolence, rationality, a tinge of slyness, but a brotherly and friendly faith and practice, these I think are attributes not to be denied to the Quakers; and, if their character is such, one cannot much blame them for sporting an uniform which distinguishes the persons who are entitled to the benefits of it.

We discussed several other topics, and harmonized superlatively well through the whole of them; such as peace and war, the present condition of Europe and of England, the manners of the English aristocracy, and their style of living, and its influence on the middling and lower orders—the condition of the lower orders in general, and finally slavery. Apropos of this, my companion pulled out of his pocket a printed circular letter he had just received, and gave it me to read. It was signed by a person named, I think, George Stephens, and sets forth in its preamble something like this; that as, by the late act for abolishing slavery in the British West Indies, the great aim of the societies formed to effect that object had been attained, it might now naturally be expected that those societies should be dissolved, and their associates not called on for any further contributions of money; and such, in fact, was the view which had at first been taken of the matter by the directors and agents of the society or societies, and which might still with propriety be maintained by all members who chose to withdraw. But the agents, having finished at home, were now disposed to look abroad for employment; and, opportunely enough, just at this time some "good men" had taken up the subject in the United States, which "good men," for so the phrase was reiterated, had addressed themselves to them for assistance; and they were anxious, as far as they were able, to afford it. The principle to be acted on, in their opinion, was—"agitation;" the present means to be employed, preaching in the United States against slavery; the eventual object to be aimed at, "the total abolition of slavery throughout the world." This sentence was printed in

capital letters; as was also another, that slavery was "a crime before God, and ought to be abolished." There is an assertion incidentally introduced, that the condition even of the free negroes in the United States is an oppressed one, and their privileges few and precarious. But the thing concludes to this effect; that the agents wish to send to the United States "lecturers of acknowledged power," to disseminate correct views on this subject among the inhabitants; that "able and valuable men" have "offered their services, and if £1,500 a year for three years can be raised, three of them can be dispatched to commence operations forthwith; and for this object subscriptions are solicited. I told Mr. Albright, for such, as the address of the letter showed, was the name of my companion, that this project was futile to the last degree. It emanated from individuals of whom I knew nothing, and what different light their characters might shed on their intentions, it was impossible to say; but the plan, on the face of it, was frivolous, hypocritical, and insulting. It might be very agreeable to the agents to have the disbursing of £1,500 a year; and the able and valuable men, the lecturers of acknowledged power, would no doubt be well pleased to get £500 a year a piece for travelling in the United States; but, as for their usefulness, it would be much on a par with that of a mission that should come from the United States to preach in England against highway robbery and murder. There is but one opinion already, I added, in the United States on this subject; high and low, rich and poor, North and South, slaveholder and non-slaveholder, all agree in this, that slavery is a dreadful evil, and ought to be abolished; the question is, How? and that question no human being pretends to answer. Your lecturers, therefore, as lecturers, will be received with indifference, and can do no good; but, wherever circumstances are such that their mission takes its character of "agitation," they will be received as firebrands and preachers of sedition—a reception I would not advise them to encounter. If your lecturers come to tell us that slavery is an evil, their news has arrived before them; if they add that it ought to be abolished, why we had also got as far as that; but if, when we ask them what practical, and intelligible, and specific proposition they bring, or what course they recommend, they have nothing better to reply than agitation, they will be treated, and very deservedly, with contempt at the North, and very naturally with violence at the South. The "good men," whom they plaster with mawkish adulation, will probably plaster them in turn; they may call each other Rabbi to their heart's content; but out of doors they will have but very little even of the glory of men, and their unnecessary and occasionally dangerous labors must look exclusively to their £500 a year for their reward.

But, if this project were ever so reasonable, its friends ought to regret to see it in hands that wilfully or ignorantly can rise to prop it up on so positive an assertion of a thing so false, as the statement in this circular about our free negroes. In some of the non-slaveholding States these people are circumscribed a little in the right of voting at elections, but it is not anywhere absolutely refused to them; and the public schools, the pursuits of industry, and the avenues of wealth are as open to them as to

the whites. That they never acquire education nor wealth; that they never follow any profession, which it requires patience to learn, or skill to exercise; that they remain in the condition of paupers, or at best of menials and day-laborers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, are facts referable not to our institutions, but to their character; a character which, whether it be deemed inherent in their race, or superinduced by slavery, is not the less to be weighed as an important consideration in estimating the consequences of emancipating more of them. They are light hearted, inconstant, improvident, incapable of strong attachments or permanent impressions of any kind, or of application or tenacity of purpose; in short, they retain all their lives so much of the incapacity of children, that though we cannot justify binding them in chains except in self-defence, we ought to seek the means to keep them, for the present at least, in leading strings.

The philanthropist finds ready acceptance for his axiom, that slavery is a crime against humanity; but the theologian cannot prove his dogma, that it is one before God. But, setting this aside, this pompous enunciation of a general principle, and uncompromising deduction of an absolute interest, and lofty contempt of difficulties or consequences, is the pure "Ercles' vein." One seems to hear Hotspur undertaking for honor's sake to leap easily to the moon, or Napoleon declaring that impossible is not French—but it is not declamation we want—it is suggestion. We have some experiments in progress—we are willing to make others—for the results thus far obtained from those we are trying, though not discouraging, are not satisfactory—so that hints for any new ones would be gladly received; and if they are plausible, we are willing and ready to act on them. Tell us, ye intolerable talkers, if ye can, what we shall *do*; but tell us unostentatiously, by a letter or a paragraph in a newspaper, and do not send any lecturers on commonplace, to bore us with "acknowledged power"—for salaries.

Efforts to do good, and efforts to do harm, must succeed or fail upon the same principles, and no miraculous exceptions are made by Providence in favor of good intentions. The elements of success are care, and vigor, and skill, and forethought; but these almost in their terms imply presence, and local and personal observation; and our faculties are so limited, that a man can rarely use them efficiently at a distance. In proportion as he stretches his arm, he weakens it; but within his own sphere it is powerful, and within every man's own sphere there is exercise enough for all his ability to do good. When he quits it, to proclaim upon his house-top some vain-glorious crusade, he is guilty not only of the waste and mischief he may occasion, but of dereliction there, where he ought to have been employed. And this, I imagine, is one of the meanings of the precept, "Let thine alms be done in secret"—a precept whose holy and perfect wisdom increases the more upon our imagination the farther we follow it out in its practical application. With secrecy we are kept within the circle where our efforts are efficient; with secrecy, while the giver is obliged to inquire for himself, a kindly intercourse is opened between those who are able to give and those who are compelled to receive; the feelings of the receiver

are soothed, his gratitude ensured, and beneficence and benevolence ripened in the heart of the giver, untouched by cancerous vanity. Let thine alms be in secret! It should be written up at the corners of the streets, and thundered, as the voice of one having authority, in the ears of the Pharisees of this generation—the condemnation of many enterprises, and the comment on many failures! Let thine alms be in secret!—Consult no counsellors; conspire with no associates; let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

That thine alms may be in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly.

ALBUM VERSES.

What can I offer on beauty's shrine?—
 Hours of rapture and peace be thine,
 Feelings which virtue and truth approve,
 And a joyful dream of requited love.
 Oh, may thy mornings be calm and fair,
 Full of rich odor and balmy air,
 Thy noonday sun all pleasantly bright
 With verdure and loveliness still in thy sight,—
 Afar be the dust, and remote the noise,
 And the crowd be gone that forever alloys—
 Thy evenings fair, and thy nights serene,
 With many a bright star to hallow the scene.
 Such is the prayer of the Muse, but more—
 Cannot Friendship yield something from out her store?—
 Be thine the heart, and spirit content,
 That tells of the young soul innocent—
 Thine be the gentle thought—thine the tone,
 Which nothing but virtue hath ever known—
 Thine the pure faith and the upward mind,
 The soul secure, and the dream refined—
 Freed from the chilling indifference,
 That speaks the callous and selfish sense,
 Yet in thy warmth so tenderly pure,
 The heaven thou seemest could ask no more.

G—E.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
ICHABOD RAGAMUFFIN, ESQ.

BY A D——D GOOD NATURED BIOGRAPHER.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them" by their biographers. I trust that this last will prove to be the case with my hero, since he can claim no distinction either from being born great, or having achieved greatness. Yet he was a great man notwithstanding, as I trust I shall prove in the sequel of this biography. It is a vulgar error to presume that, in order to make a great man, it is necessary that he should be remarkable for something. Every man is remarkable for something, and I do therefore maintain that the best title to distinction, is that of being distinguished by nothing in particular. This was most pre-eminently the case with my friend Ichabod, and it is no less on that account, than out of the sincere regard I bore him while living, that I now proceed to hold him up to posterity, as an object neither of admiration nor imitation.

Ichabod Ragamuffin was born in the county of Westchester and state of New York, the 25th day of October, 1796, a day not particularly remarkable for any thing that I know of; for beyond doubt, the sun rose and set that day, just as it does every day in the year. Of his parents I know little, except that they were so poor, that I have no doubt they were very honest, else, in all probability, they would have been better off in this world. They lived by themselves in a lone wood, at a distance from the high road, where doubtless they enjoyed those two great luxuries so much sought after by all wise people, namely, content and a quiet conscience, usually consigned over to the use of such as have nothing else to solace themselves with in this world.

One of the first things to be done with children is to clothe them, and accordingly Ichabod was equipped after the fashion of people in possession of nothing else but content and a quiet conscience. He was wrapt in a tow-linen blanket, and laid in an old crazy cradle, where he was rocked to sleep with one foot, while his mother turned her spinning-wheel with the other. The cradle being old, as I said before, creaked a good deal in rocking; but, what is eminently deserving of being forgotten, it was observed that Ichabod, so far from being disturbed, slept only the sounder for the noise.

During the first eight years of his life, he did nothing worthy of being handed down to posterity, which I should mention as a remarkable circumstance, were it not that it would undermine the foundation of my biogra-

phy, which is expressly composed of nothing deserving of remembrance. He and I used occasionally to meet, as I was gathering nuts in the wood; but not anticipating at that early period, that I should one day want his body for dissection in a biography, I paid him not the least attention, except that I sometimes made him crack nuts while I ate them, which he did with great good humor and docility. I remember I used to reward him by throwing the shells in his face, which was a capital mark, being as broad as a platter, and pretty considerably dirty withal.

At the age of eight, the parents of Ichabod died of scarlet fever, within a few days of each other, but he himself escaped; which would be very remarkable, did it not happen so often. They left nothing behind them but poor Ichabod, for the house they inhabited belonged to the owner of the wood, who had let them live in it free of all rent. Ichabod being too young to be bound out apprentice, or to get his living, was, agreeably to the custom of the times, set up at auction and sold to the lowest bidder. Doubtless some critic will here prick up his ears, and either reprehend me for a blockhead, or the printer for ditto. But I know what I say, when I record that he was sold to the *lowest* bidder. Very few of our would-be antiquaries know that in former times, the poor of the country parishes in the state of New York were put up at auction, and sold in this way, not to the highest, but to the lowest bidder. That is to say, the person that would take them at the lowest price as boarders, was fairly entitled to have them. At that period the poor were not quite so numerous as they are now, it not being the fashion to encourage poverty and idleness by all sorts of societies for making them more comfortable than the hard working people. Least of all would any man, woman, or child that could work, have submitted to the disgrace of having any near relative on the parish. I mention this as a remarkable circumstance, which not being precisely connected with our biography, which eschews every thing remarkable concerning this truly great and virtuous man, may, I think, be lawfully commemorated as an incidental circumstance, not derogating from my original plan.

Ichabod was purchased by an old widow woman, who bid him down pretty nearly to the starving point; for she undertook to clothe, board, and lodge him for two shillings a week—this was before the invention of dollars, cents, and paper money. I am not ashamed of my family, thank my stars, and therefore, without farther circumlocution, I acknowledge, or rather I boast, that this charitable old widow, was my own honored aunt, and I don't care who knows it. I used to visit her on Sundays and holidays, partly from a sentiment of duty, but principally because she gave me plenty of good things, and let me have my own way. And here I could say something well deserving of being read by after generations, concerning the selfishness of children, and thereafter proving, to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced reader, that instead of children inheriting their selfishness from men, the latter derive theirs actually from the former, whereby it appears how condignly young children should be whipped, in order that they may not corrupt the after-growth of manhood. But seeing the generality of readers now-a-days affect nothing but pestilent novelty and

adventure, I shall, as it were, reserve my seed to be sown on a more genial soil, as a body may say.

There was nothing remarkable in the house of my worthy aunt, and for that reason I shall be somewhat particular in describing it, so that the reader may know it should he ever see it again. It was a modest stone mansion, one story high, and the roof, like a militia officer's hat, was the best part of it, for it ran up so high and sharp, that you could hardly see the top, especially of a foggy morning. There was no danger the owner should ever be elevated with pride or conceit at possessing so goodly a mansion, since the only entrance to it was by descending three steps below the surface of the surrounding earth. There was a remarkable saying concerning this house, which, as not strictly appertaining to Ichabod, I shall consecrate to posterity. It was a current saying, that whoever owned this house was always sure to be going down hill in the world.

The mansion was erected by my great uncle, Obadiah, whose memory I cherish with devout veneration, seeing he left me in his will the identical pair of silver-mounted spectacles with which I am now pursuing this present writing. Uncle Obadiah deserves to be remembered by after ages, on account of having been shrewdly suspected of being the identical person who did at his own expense put a wooden spout to the spring in the centre of his native village, whereby he became a great benefactor to all succeeding generations, past, present, and to come. Uncle Obadiah was reputed a sage person, and once came very nigh to being chosen to set the Psalms in our meeting-house. But being disappointed through the secret envy of Mistress Dolly Pigwigin, who had set her cap at him ever since the old French war, he gloriously revenged himself, by singing so lustily on Sabbath day, that the new clerk could no more be heard than the voice of one crying, as it were, in the wilderness.

My good aunt, whose name, I grieve to say, I have forgotten in the hurry and bustle of after times, was a pious and orthodox woman, who, as in duty bound, did eschew and abominate all those wandering sinners, who sought the consolations of any minister, but one of the good old Dutch Church. She abhorred all those new-fangled notions about purifying the temple, and all that, as inventions of Satan, saying, with infinite appearance of reason, that the temple was always clean enough for common folks. Such was her orthodoxy, that it is recorded, when once on a time one Peter Pummelboard—that I think was his name—being sorely beset by a shower, did incontinently take refuge in her house, when she was absent on some pious errand—she did on her return cause the floor to be most spitefully scrubbed, and the house to be well aired by opening all the doors and windows, seeing that Peter was of the methodist persuasion. Nay, she did not stop here; she caused all the flies to be expelled the room, and did declare her belief that she saw the devil fly out in the shape of a huge blue-bottle. But Peter was even with her, for he prophesied the world was speedily coming to an end, judging from the vast increase of toad-stools, mushrooms, and others of the fungus tribe, which betoken a decay of nature; whereat my venerable aunt—who, being only threescore and ten, expected to live many years—pined away with fear, and came

to an untimely death, because she could not expect to outlive the world.

But it is time to return to our hero, as certain biographers call certain exceedingly remarkable persons, whom they design to hold up as objects of admiration to posterity in spite of nature and fate, both which have irrevocably decreed, that hero and biographer should be utterly forgotten. Ichabod all this time grew older, but whether wiser or better, I never could settle with that degree of certainty which would justify me in handing it as a fact down to posterity. Thus much I know, that he learned to read, through the pious endeavors of my worthy aunt, who taught him herself, and that he gratefully repaid her cares, by chalking naughty words on the outside of the house and fences, whereat every body was exceedingly scandalized. But the good woman could not read them without her spectacles, and thus Ichabod escaped her exhortations. Albeit, he waxed exceedingly strong in scholarship, and had once the honor of inditing an advertisement of a sale of swine for Master Constable Hatwig, as I can vouch myself, being as I corrected the spelling and grammar for him, in the benevolence of my heart, and out of that disinterested regard I ever bore the memory of this great public benefactor.

When my worthy aunt got the start of the world in coming to an end, Ichabod was left, as it were, alone amongst men. He had all the world before him, as the saying is—that is to say, he might go just where he pleased; for if liberty consists in a perfect command of one's motions, there are no persons so free in this world, as those who have nobody to care what becomes of them. Ichabod was so delighted with this unrestrained possession of the rights of person, that he spent a whole day swinging on an old gate in front of the house, which squeaked after the manner of a fiddle in tuning. He relished this music wonderfully, which I consider an apt illustration of the doctrine of the association of ideas, seeing that without doubt it reminded him of the old cradle, in which he was, as it were, rocked to the predestined immortality I am preparing for him. At the end of this musical recreation, he found himself, as it were, hungry; and the old house being abandoned by all except the rats and mice, who were preparing to decamp that night, and, to speak metaphorically, turn a political sumerset, he bethought him of going to a neighboring farm-house, for his supper. Whether this happy idea was owing to the inspiration of genius, or to an impulse of fate, such as so frequently decides the future destinies of illustrious persons, I cannot determine in my own mind, and shall therefore leave it to the reader to settle as he may think proper. Certain it is, that this motion of Ichabod's stomach decided the color of his future life; and such being the case, I cannot but think this fact furnishes another strong circumstantial presumption, that the stomach is the seat of the soul.

The mansion, to which Ichabod was thus directed by the impulse of fate and his stomach, happened to belong to one of the overseers of the poor of the township, who was so busy making money out of his vocation, that he had long since lost sight of his original motive for aspiring to that office, which he always affirmed was pure charity. But it is not easy to forget

what is right before one's eyes, unless a man is an abstract philosopher; and the appearance of Ichabod naturally reminded the charitable overseer that there was such a person in existence. He gave the boy a supper, which he charged to the charitable fund, accommodated him with lodgings in the barn, and the next morning forthwith bound him apprentice to an honest patriotic cobbler, who spent six days of the week electioneering, and the seventh in expounding the parables, which he did to the astonishment of every body, by making what they all clearly comprehended before almost as difficult of comprehension as the Apocalypse.

If Ichabod had any genius, I should say it lay in this great faculty of rendering obscure what was before as clear as preaching. I know that certain people, destitute of this great power of throwing dust, as it were, into the eyes of the understanding, affect to hold it unworthy of cherishing and cultivating. But, in my opinion, this only shows how little they know which side their bread is buttered, since all experience shows that the art of confounding is a far more potent engine in governing mankind than that of enlightening them. Any fool can make the simple truth appear as clear as the light of day; but to metamorphose truth into the likeness of falsehood, or falsehood into the semblance of truth, is, in my opinion, the great engine for governing mankind. And hence we see it so frequently resorted to in preference to any other machinery. Of all people in the world, an enlightened nation is the most difficult to be governed, because it is a hard task to deceive it. Ignorance alone is docile, because it is easily deluded; and hence, in all ages, every wise ruler hath been anxious to arrest the mischievous progress of intelligence, from a conviction that only blind understandings and blind men can be led by a dog at the end of a string. I maintain, therefore, that the cobbler was a great man, being thus possessed of the faculty of botheration in such perfection; and were I not principled against writing the lives of extraordinary persons, I would incontinently embalm him in a biography. Fortunately, however, this is not necessary to his immortal fame, as I have it from the best authority, that he is now preparing a full and particular relation, an autobiography, under his own hand. But it is time to return to my hero, as I am compelled to call him in conformity with all custom from time immemorial.

Under the guardian wing of his master, Ichabod became a much greater politician than cobbler, and never got beyond a heel-tap, whereby he escaped the disgrace of learning a handicraft trade, and became lawfully entitled to the name of gentleman, seeing he never degraded himself by any useful occupation. I candidly confess, I never fully comprehended what was meant by the Forum, where, among the Trojans, Greeks, and Romans, who it is said worship a scarlet woman, Marcus, and Tully, and Cicero, used to make such mighty powerful speeches. In my own private opinion, I think it must have been a stump, such as our own orators do sometimes affect in addressing the people, seeing that Marcus, and Tully, and the rest, used to address the citizens, in all-out-of-doors as it were, which they could not well do, unless elevated on a stump, a barrel, or some such convenience.

But be this as it may, Ichabod, sorely animated and infatuated by the example of his master, did use, in his absence on great state affairs, to mount incontinently on his bench in the shop, and make speeches to the old boots and shoes, which he denominated "stirring men's soles," inso-much that it was currently reported, that he one day melted a lapstone into tears. This being rather an extraordinary fact, I should have omitted it, as incompatible with my plan, which escheweth every thing remarkable, were it not that I consider it apocryphal, and can for that reason record it with a quiet conscience.

Thus diciplined by private theory and practice, Ichabod became by degrees a mighty orator, insomuch that he is credibly reported to have got the better of the cobbler's wife in a discussion concerning free will, a doctrine she maintained both in principle and practice—which was more than the cobbler could do in the whole course of his useful and illustrious pilgrimage. Elevated with this great victory, and being now of an age to become a teacher in the land, he took to himself what is called leg-bail, moved for a *habeas corpus*, and removed himself to the great city of Gotham, where, as he said, his talents would no longer be hid under a bushel. It happened, by one of those rare instances of good fortune which so abound in the life of my hero, that he arrived just about the time when the strength of parties was to be tested in the election of a constable, or scavenger, I am ashamed to say I have forgot which. Still more luckily for Ichabod, the principal orator of the ward in which he had taken up his abode was so hoarse with a bad cold, that he croaked like unto a bull-frog, and made the people groan in sympathy when he addressed them. Seizing an opportunity which occurs only once in the life of mortal man, Ichabod offered his services, in place of the man with the cold, which being accepted, he delivered an oration which caused the ears of the people to ring like a chime of bells. I regret that I cannot say on which side he spoke, for that is a point on which divers discreet persons differ unto this day.

Certain it is, however, the speech had a wonderful effect in deciding the election, in one way or the other, for this too was a matter of great doubt. The successful magistrates thereupon, in fervent gratitude for his exertions in the good cause, elevated him to the high office of ranger of the people's park, where he distinguished himself by most unheard of services. If a boy was found flying a kite, rolling a hoop, or tossing his ball, within the jurisdiction of Ichabod, he would reprimand and exhort him with a force of eloquence, that very frequently caused the tears to gush from the offender's nose, being doubtless led to this mistake in their direction, by the prickings of an unquiet conscience smitten to its inmost vitals. Every body said he was a most vigilant officer, and it was now confidently asserted, that he was about being promoted to the superintendance of a great public walk, called the fort or battery, I doubt which, being troubled with an infirmity of memory, which prevents my recollecting any thing but matters of little consequence.

But alas! reader, what are all the towering hopes of man! His waking anticipations are but dreams, and his castles are all built in the air. He lieth down in clover, and he waketh in the sands of the desert. He

danceth forth in the merry morning on two legs, and returneth ere night on one. He is born with two legs of flesh, and he dieth with wooden ones. He buildeth a three-story house, with folding doors and marble mantel-pieces, and taketh lodgings in one six feet by two, without either doors or windows, where light and air can never come, until the graves give up their dead. Such was the fate of my friend Ichabod. He was appointed superintendant as aforesaid, and, in the anticipation of one day mounting to the highest step in the ladder of municipal promotion, had actually sat to an eminent artist for his picture, for which he paid fifteen dollars, in promises, when Death came, kicked the ladder from under him, levelled his proud hopes to the dust, and cut short my biography.

Well and truly might it be said, that he who trusts to the stability of popular caprices rides on the tail of a weathercock, and is at the mercy of every wind that blows. A revolution took place in the city of Gotham; the ins became the outs, the outs the ins, and the whole community was turned upside down. Ichabod lost his place, to the great delight of all the rude boys, who rejoiced mightily, and did let off thousands of Chinese crackers on the occasion of recovering their ancient right of flying kites, rolling hoops, and bouncing balls, which they enjoy under the common law, being that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of these juvenile recreations.

Ichabod was a man of great sensibility. I have seen him actually weep at the barbarity of skinning an onion, and more than once have I detected the moisture gathering in his eye, while banqueting on corned beef and mustard, which effusion of intense feeling was doubtless owing to a deep-rooted sympathy for slain bullocks. The ingratitude of the public smote him sorely; he threw down his arms, as it were, exclaimed "the jig is up," and turned for consolation to the recollection of his good actions, aided by that never failing friend of suffering merit, the bottle. He was in truth broken hearted, and this, added to a broken head he got, he never could tell how, in returning from his devotions to the holy bottle, carried him off at the age of forty, in the prime of his usefulness, the bud of his anticipations, and the full maturity of his faculties.

Among the honors preparing for him when he was thus snatched away by Death, probably out of pure envy of his rising glories, was that of being associated with divers illustrious men of the nation, living and dead, in a great national work, consisting of portraits accompanied by biographies. In aid of this just tribute to merit and services, I had prepared this brief sketch, in the humble hope that while I was doing justice to my friend, I might confer some little credit on my country. I grieve to be obliged to state that this biography was considered inadmissible, from an apprehension that my hero would, as it were, take the shine from too many of the distinguished persons commemorated in the doomsday-book of immortality. This will account for its appearance in another publication, without the portrait, which the landlord seized for rent, on the decease of my friend.

It is unnecessary, after this brief though circumstantial relation of his life and actions, to delay the reader any longer. His character appears in

his conduct; and his claim on the veneration of posterity must rest on the solid basis of having done nothing remarkable. Thus, now-a-days, when great men are so plenty, that, did not biographers increase with the demand for their services, and perhaps a little faster, many illustrious benefactors of the age would be utterly forgotten, solely on the frivolous ground of having performed nothing worth remembering—this, I say, is in my opinion a sufficient reason for the humble tribute I have here offered to the memory of Ichabod Ragamuffin. If any person shall take upon him to deny that "a great man has fallen in Israel," I am ready to agree with him, since if my hero had really been such, I should scarcely have troubled my head about him. In an age where a vast majority of mankind are great, I consider it the highest distinction to be little, as a dwarf is the more remarkable among giants. Gulliver was as much an object of honor among the Brobdignags, as the Lilliputians.

'AH, LOOK NOT THUS.'

Ah, look not thus unkindly now,
Nor dash my hand away,
There is a cloud upon thy brow,
Which should not, shall not stay.

How can'st thou sorrow, thus alone,
When I,—long sworn to share
Whate'er the doom thy heart has known—
I have no kindred there.

My every vow thou know'st is thine,
My hope is in thy smile,
And when I see thee thus repine,
Can I be blest the while?

When thou hast won a joy from life,
'Thou'st taught its bliss to me;
And I will take thy care and strife,
And share their pang with thee.

Then look not thus unkindly now,—
Dash not my hand away—
That heavy cloud on heart and brow,
It should not, shall not stay.

M. E. S.

THE FINE ARTS, VERSUS THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

There may have been more stirring and bustling periods—eras which have called forth more of the fearful energy, and high power of the human character, than that in which we live, but we question whether the world ever wore a more business-like air, than it does in the present age. The course of time has at length brought it down to an epoch when all its schemes, enterprises, and resources are bent into one vast, absorbing, and practical channel. The fabrics of speculative philosophy, and the dreams of poetry have all disappeared—sentiment and romance have become exploded. There is but one spirit—one master passion—one ruling desire, and that is utility.

Of our country this is emphatically true. A tendency to extremes is a peculiar characteristic of her citizens. With them the reigning pursuit is the all-engrossing one, and is followed to the exclusion of much that is valuable. Nowhere else is the spirit of the age carried to such a pitch of enthusiasm. Nowhere have more extended schemes of physical improvement, or mechanical invention, originated, or been carried into execution on a grander scale, and never of consequence has a nation arisen in rank and riches with such unrivalled rapidity.

This is all well. It speaks proudly of the genius, enterprise, and industry of our countrymen. But were it not also desirable that a proper balance of character should be preserved—that the ornamental should be blended with the useful, and taste and refinement keep pace with national greatness and prosperity? That the intellectual and physical should go hand in hand—that science, literature, and the fine arts, and those researches and studies which embellish and improve, exalt and immortalize, should not be neglected? That we should turn occasionally from our projects of great pith and moment—from the toil and sweat of the marketplace, and the forum—from rolling forward the vast and complicated machinery of moral and mechanical improvement, to recreate ourselves in the haunts of the muses and the retreats of the arts?

An exclusive attention to any pursuit, either in nations or individuals, is liable to induce an unfavorable narrowness of mind and peculiarity of character. Especially is this true of those which may be denominated the *money-making* employments. If not relieved by the cultivation of the nobler faculties, they most commonly engender that sordid groveling, and grasping spirit, which deforms and degrades the mind, and prevents that proper development of its powers, which constitutes the perfection of the human character. But by blending a taste for the productions of genius, and an appreciation of the elegance and beauty of art, with the details and drudgery of business, all professions may become ennobled and ennobling, and exert a highly beneficial influence upon the

intellect and spirit of their country. When Italy awoke from the slumber of the middle ages, to effect the revival of learning in modern Europe, and light up again the almost extinguished spark of genius, the change was wrought, not by a few isolated and solitary laborers in the cause, but by the universal enthusiasm of the people. We are told that her merchants combined a love of literature and the arts with the pursuits of commerce, and trafficked with even greater avidity for the intellectual relics of antiquity, than for the bales of the Indies.

It is to this spirit that we owe, not only the exquisite specimens of Grecian and Roman fine arts, and the noblest works of their poets, historians, and philosophers, but also the immortal productions of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Raphael, Guido, and Angelo, and a host of others whose names adorn the catalogue of Italian greatness. And it is by such a spirit cherished by the great mass of our citizens, and by this alone, that the character of our own literature is to be raised—that we shall be enabled to give to the world rivals and successors worthy of the great spirits of antiquity, and take that station which we ought to hold in the republic of letters and of art. The very aliment of genius is the breath of popular favor. It will never spring up without culture, nor flourish without encouragement. It must be planted by the enthusiasm of a people, and fostered by their admiration.

It matters not to talk of the infancy of our country. Did age give literary excellence to Venice and Genoa? Was it not in the infancy of Greece, that Hesiod and Homer lived and sung? And were they her years which gave to Rome her literary supremacy? No—it was a revolution in the tastes and sentiments of her citizens, which was brought about by the influence of Grecian letters—

“Grecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agresti Latio.”—

a turning from the pursuits of war and political ambition, to those of philosophy, poetry, and the arts. And age will bring to us none of the honors of exalted and commanding genius, or the fruits of intellectual refinement, if it effects not a change in the character and spirit of our countrymen.

There are those who affect to wonder, that American genius has not in this age produced any *great* work, either in poetry, sculpture, or painting. For our part, we should deem it far more surprising if it had. The pursuits, sentiments, and feelings of the mass of our citizens, are entirely at variance with the spirit of these professions. There is little taste for their beauties, or desire for their success; and they have sprung up and flourished like exotic plants, in a rugged and uncongenial soil, beneath the neglect of those whose care it should be to nurture them. So long as our painters and sculptors are compelled to seek in foreign lands the patronage which is denied them at home, and our poets to forsake the worship of the muses, for the active avocations of life, it is idle to expect from them exalted excellence.

With us at present, poetry is not a profession ; and there is no channel by which he, whom some error of nature or defect of education has marked a poet, can pursue his inclination. This is no scene for the dreamy indulgences—the desultory indolence—the inspired quiet—the capricious and changing fancies, amid which the bard is nursed. He cannot draw himself away from the absorbing vortex, to indulge his heaven-sent visions. His spirit is smothered—his fire is extinguished in the close pent up atmosphere by which he is surrounded. He is not permitted to rise

“ Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth.”

The wings of the eagle are clipped—he is chained to the wheel, and is suffered but now and then a transient glance, through the bars of his vast prison-house, at the far empyrean fields, in which nature meant him to soar. Thus our best productions of the muse are but the mere offsprings of amusement—of recreation from more severe pursuits—or perhaps the maiden efforts of those, whom, in the language of the day, “riper years have led to repent of their youthful indiscretions,” and who have sacrificed the maturer powers of their minds at another and far different shrine.

This is unfortunate, both for the sake of their country and themselves. For the former, that she loses the benefit of their productions, and for the latter, that they are compelled to mingle in the sordid crowd, and to bear the drudgery and tread-mill routine of some soul-harassing profession, for which nature never designed them. The poet is not like other men—he has not the same faculty of adapting himself to the situation and circumstances in which he is placed. He has usually been at best but a kind of splendid *lusus naturae*,—marked and peculiar in the character and complexion of his mind. The child of eccentricity, whom nature, when she blessed him with genius, also cursed with a slight touch of madness. His very immortality—the very secret of the success of those splendid works, upon which, as with a sunbeam, he has traced the impress of his mind, is the undue predominance of qualities and powers which tend to unfit him for the ordinary avocations of life. He has generally been too sensitive to meet the rude contact of the world, shrinking like the mimosa from the indelicate touch. The creature of impulses—he spurns the shackles of common usage, as does his eagle fancy the cold rules of tame rhetorical propriety. It is from these causes that his endowments have oftener proved a curse than a blessing, and that he has too frequently been a miserable and unhappy being. The acquisitions, moreover, which go to make up the cabinet of the poet's mind, are not those which are adapted for the professions of the world. The gems which sparkle in his intellectual *bijouterie* are of too costly and fine a nature for the wear and tear of every-day use and exposure ; though when strung together in the matchless numbers of his art, they will beam with an immortal and fadeless lustre. It is probable that Pope would have made but a sorry physician, and we know that Goldsmith would not submit to a profession. And like Cowper and Scott, who can imagine that Byron and Shelley would

have reaped their laurels at the bar. Yet had they been of our country, all these noble poets must have been spoiled, to make poor professional men.

Of painters and sculptors we have but few, and even those few, we believe, find but inadequate support. The difficulties which they encounter are even greater than those of the votaries of their sister profession. Theirs are arts which, unlike poetry, if followed at all, must be followed as professions. They require a long and laborious apprenticeship. The genius for them may be the gift of nature, but to gain the skill by which that genius is properly imbodyed and displayed, the artist must make a league with labor, and stand for years upon the threshold of the temple, ere he can penetrate to its shrine. In the study of their profession too, they labor under peculiar disadvantages. Their models cannot be found at hand. They cannot, like those of the poet, be brought to the fireside of home, carried in the pocket, or laid under the pillow. They must be sought and studied in distant lands, and that too with much trouble and expense. It is needless to say that such arts if they flourish must be liberally patronized. And does not that nation mistake its true glory, which permits their votaries to struggle with poverty and neglect; which can measure the blessing of genius—the honor of giving birth to a Phidias or an Angelo, a Raphael or a Reynolds, by the sordid scale of ordinary valuation?

Yet there are those who hesitate not, in the spirit of their age and country, to condemn the fine arts, as frivolous, and unworthy the attention of a thinking and reasonable being. They are addressed to acquired and unnecessary tastes. Their benefits cannot be reduced to the standard of pounds, shillings, and pence,—nor calculated by the rules of arithmetic. There is nought in them to gratify their grasping love of lucre, or feed their passion for present, tangible, substantial utility. With such it were useless to contend, for they cannot appreciate the arguments which might be advanced. Their hearts have never vibrated to the inspired touches of genius; the lyre of the poet can find in them no echo—the beauties of art, no home in their bosoms. To them in vain were upheld those matchless productions of sculpture and painting, on which

“ We gaze, and turn away, we know not where,
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till our heart
Reels with its fullness—there—forever there,
Chained to the chariot of triumphal art,
We stand as captives, and would not depart.”

With them a nation's only glory consists in the amount of its capital, and productions—the number and value of its exports; fame is nothing—refinement nothing—immortality nothing, and they look upon the votary of the fine arts but as a gifted trifler, who wastes upon unworthy pursuits, the faculties which heaven has given him for nobler purposes.

Yet do such men believe that the design of our great author is to interdict all pursuits not growing directly out of the wants or necessities

of man? That every thing is trivial which does not concern his bodily or sensual gratification, or has not an immediate bearing upon the duties of society and of life? That he who has fixed in unfading colors upon the canvass, or imbodied in marble, a conception which millions yet unborn shall come up to gaze upon, with swelling hearts and exalted emotions—has done nothing for the benefit of the world? Let such look through the universe—let them examine the works of its Almighty Architect—let them gaze upon the earth which he has given them for a dwelling place, and say whether they can find aught there to support their sordid and debasing theory. Is their system of narrow-minded and money-making utility, all that can be discovered in its design and formation?

Is it a wide field to be digged and ploughed—a mart for selling and buying—a scene for political intrigues—and this only? Is it adapted only to one appetite, or set of appetites, and those of the lowest and most grovelling kind? Are men placed here merely to eat and labor, amass and die? For what, then, is all this wondrous display of splendor and magnificence? For what the thousand objects of loveliness—the countless scenes of sublimity, that meet us at every turn?

Why does the mountain rear its snow-crowned top,
To mingle in such grandeur with the clouds?
Why heaves the swelling hill, or sinks the vale,
With that voluptuous grace the painter loves?
Why bloom the fields with flowers, and why through beds
That rival Tempe's classic vale, roll on
A thousand winding streams, with such strange beauty
To the sea?

All this exquisite loveliness—all this divine munificence is not necessary to that mere animal life, of which they are the advocates. No—they were addressed to other and nobler passions—to the taste and feelings—to the intellect and heart.

To these too are the works of the artist addressed. These are the scenes and objects which he imitates. It is from these that he draws his inimitable sketches, and, like these, the study and contemplation of his immortal productions refine, while they gratify the heart. Thus he evinces the divinity of human conception, and hands down to all succeeding time an earnest of his own immortality—an enduring monument to the memory of his country and his age. Such efforts are above all price—above all common standards of value—the property of time—the imperishable heirlooms of the whole human race. And when the barbarian Roman, confiding to his soldiers the *chef d'œuvres* of ancient art rifled from the archives of dismantled Corinth, enjoined upon them a care for their safety on pain of replacing their loss, well might he have been asked, "From whence? Rome may conquer Greece, as she shall do the world. She may ravage her fields, and desolate her cities; but, with all her power—her invincible armies and boundless resources—can she wake to life one spark of the immortal spirit, which has given to that canvass, to those

marbles, a value which thou, in thine haughty ignorance, canst not even comprehend?" "I can make twenty nobles," said a king of France, "but God alone can make a Holbein."

Then let the sordid utilitarian, and the enthusiast in the improvements of the day, stand with us and gaze upon the far advancing future. Let him look forward to that period, when time in its onward course shall have added new acquisitions to the circle of the arts—when philosophy, eliciting new principles and arranging new combinations, shall have altered, amended, and raised still higher, the fabric which we have so successfully commenced; and when all our discoveries shall be lost in the flood of more recent inventions—when every monument of our physical art shall have been swept away among the forgotten things of the past. What voices will then break the silence—what light will illumine the darkness, which will brood over this now busy and bustling generation? What will snatch its high and honored names, its lofty deeds, from oblivion? We answer, chiefest and first, the productions of the fine arts. It is these which will give a sacredness to our memory—an eloquent voice to the sepulchres of our dead. The lyre of their poets will ever echo amid the ruins of Rome and Greece, but all the wealth and greatness of Babylon could give her no monument to perpetuate her name.

And should—which may the guardian genius of our institutions eternally avert—should civil dissension ever lay its unhallowed hands upon the pillars of our national greatness, should the sword of war be drawn to slaughter, and destroy—should the smiling face of this happy land become one waste of ruin beneath the scathing influence of human passions, should our name be blotted from the map of nations, still would men point to the productions of our poets, our painters, and our sculptors—bearing down the stream of time, secure from changes, convulsions, and revolutions, the names of their immortal authors, and the memories of our age.

E. C.

SONG.

"Through all my life, thy favor is,"*
 And wheresoe'er I go,
 Still comes thy cheerful countenance,
 To soothe my bosom's wo;
 A guiding light, a holy gleam,
 However dark the way,
 Thy looks, my sweetest Mary, seem
 To harbinger the day.
 I hear thy voice in every breeze,
 In every sun-glance see
 The smiles that cheer, the eyes that please
 Intelligent of thee.
 Sweet fate, that strews my path with flowers,
 And wheresoe'er I rove,
 Relieves the toil, and wings the hours
 With pleasantness and love.

G.

* From Bunyan.

THE HYMN OF DEATH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Rise!—rise, my soul, above thy mortal sphere;
 The trial of thy faith is here!
 Oh! shall the sinner watch thy failing breath,
 And cry—"Like me, he quails—he quails in death!"—

Lo!—'Tis the hour!—It dawns from blackest night,
 The day-spring of eternal light!
 Lo!—'Tis the hour!—It peals through judgment's gloom.
 The immortal trump, the conqueror of the tomb!

And wilt thou tremble, that thy hope is nigh,
 O faint and faithless soul?
 Wilt thou efface by weak denial
 Thy days of prayer, of wo and trial,—
 Thy wakeful nights consumed in sighing,
 With sad and ceaseless cry—
 "I live, I pine, I languish for the goal?"
 Oh! let me live, forever live, by dying!

Thou diest—aye!—thy shell, with painful breath,
 Passes—as all things mortal pass away!—
 No more thou feel'st the burthen, and the strife,
 The soul-debasing, sickening weight of clay!
 That sickening weight was life!
 And the blest hour that gives the spirit scope—
 Fond mortals call it death!—
 So the freed bondman—freed beyond his hope—
 Dreams that the limb hath vanished with the pain,
 The limb, that felt, but feels no more, the chain.

Leave thou such dreams to dull material sense—
 Dreams of the darksome grave!
 Trust to thy life of holiest innocence—
 To faith, pure beacon, which alone may save!—
 Trust to thy wondrous thirst, unquenched by time!
 To clear conviction of a deathless bloom,
 Happy, and bright, and far beyond the tomb!
 Go, meet thy death in confidence sublime
 That love, hope, virtue, faith's undying flame
 Must know a better life than wo and shame!

Thy life was exile—weariness—and pain—
 A sacrifice to hope—oh! not in vain!
 An act of faith, repeated day by day.

Thou, while the scorner quaffed in frantic glee,
Before thy God the untasted cup didst lay—
Thy thirst—not life, but immortality!

Then haste thee!—quaff the source, whose streams bestow
Days, years, and ages with their living flow—
That fathomless and shoreless sea,
Whose waters are eternity.—

Haste thee!—the sun, just dawning on thy sight,
Shall never fade, nor set in night,
Nor measure lives by its returning light!—
How all unlike the sun, that's sinking now,
Which metes this hour,—as it did mete the last,—
Stolen from the future, but to swell the past!

Forget the world, whose life is but a day;
Forget this loathsome prison-house of clay;
While far beyond the horizon's narrow bound,
Soars to immensity thine eagle eye.
Behold those azure arches of the sky,
Whose aisles, long-sweeping earth and ocean round,
Far in unmeasured distance melt away!
Soon shall that endless sweep of blue profound
No larger seem to thy pervading sight,
Than dusty atoms to the condor's flight!

Haste thee to view the unnumbered hosts of heaven,
Wing after wing, their myriad lines display;
Thick as the motes, by breath of summer driven,
In swarming life on every sunny ray!
Those glorious suns,—whose soft undazzling beams
Thy fancy pictured in poetic dreams,—
Shall burst in splendor on thy raptured eye;
As each in turn shall pour upon thine ears,
With wild harmonious music of the spheres,
The Great Eternal name that fills the sky!

And thou shalt ask of these—the visions deep,
That rapt thy soul, on wings of strange desire,
Panting—through nights unvisited by sleep—
To soar away, and mingle with their fire.
And thou shalt ask of these—the cherished traces
Of those loved lost ones, whose familiar places,
Have long been void on earth's deserted breast.
And thou shalt learn on which peculiar star
Each spirit, long divorced from thee, did rest,
When soaring from the realms of want and war.

Yea! thou shalt see the forms, which hover there
In those ethereal palaces of light,—
Which swim, or fly, or melt in radiance bright,
Things of the subtle flame, or viewless air;—

Those choirs whose harping is eternal praise,
 Those mirrors, beaming with reflected rays,—
 Those wings, which veil the WONDERFUL UNSEEN,—
 That living dust, which strews the glorious scene,
 Whose every atom swells the adoring cry,
 HOSANNA TO THE LORD, THE LORD MOST HIGH !

In that pure ocean of immortal life,
 Whose surges rise instinct with love and bliss,
 Go plunge thee—rapt by death from sin and strife—
 Merged like a spark in day's absorbing glare !
 That ocean's tide shall waft thee towards a morrow,
 Which, now scarce dawning from the abyss of sorrow,
 Shall brighten soon to everlasting day ;—
 As billows, heaving to the breeze's kiss,
 Burst on some shore fresh gilt by morning's ray,
 And leave their foam to bask in glory there.

Say, thou didst hate the despot's demon-sway—
 Didst all adore immortal liberty.
 Say, that thine eye in loathing turned away,
 When bold oppression braved the insulted sky.
 Say, thou didst thirst for justice—love the right—
 Didst scorn all wrong, though decked in guise sublime—
 Weep tears of blood to hear faint virtue cry—
 The innocent prey of guile or daring might—
 Clutched in the talons of triumphant crime.

Say, thou didst feel the everlasting strife
 Of mortal virtue with the joys of life,—
 Didst feel—more bitter yet—the chilling jar—
 The struggling of a heart with self at war !—
 Say, thou didst blush that MAN should be thy name—
 Arch-mock of heaven—when pride doth vaunt a thing !—
 A mere machine, ruled by a double spring
 Of earthly dust and never-dying flame !
 Too vile, if it were all of heavenly birth,
 And, oh ! too glorious if 'twere all of earth !

Say, thou didst weep—whene'er detraction's sting
 Profaned high glory with its venom'd blight.
 Whene'er young genius dashed his eagle-wing
 On dungeon-bars, that checked his towering flight !
 Say, thou didst weep, when love-lorn Philomel,
 Her nestlings guarded by her bleeding breast,
 Beneath the vulture-claws of rapine fell—
 When spring's first rose was plucked in virgin bloom—
 Or when the maid, by love's new raptures blest,
 Was snatched from joy, to glut the abhorred tomb.

Say, thou didst taste the emptiness of earth !—
 The weariness of soul, the spirit's dearth !—

The utter nothingness of human life—
 That narrowing sphere, which round itself doth roll !
 Say, thou didst loath the venom of the draught,
 E'en when its rapture was most freely quaffed !
 Happy ! thrice happy ! if thou ne'er didst know
 That causeless bitterness, that endless strife,
 That fiery longing, which defies control,
 For things, whose *names* alone abide below !

Rejoice, my soul !—thy banishment is o'er,
 Thy bark fast floating to a better shore.
 A shore where every tear-drop finds relief ;
 Where hope is joy ; where joys unmingled flow ;
 Where, purified from taint of sin or grief,
 Amid thy splendor nought of earth may shine,
 Save that which e'en on earth was half divine !
 So mountain summits, virgin yet of light,
 Briefer, and briefer still, their shadows throw
 As soars the day-god to his central height.

There all the sacred tears which thou didst shed,
 An exile mourning for thy native streams,—
 There all thy burning prayers are hallowed,—
 Thy heart's deep tenderness—thy pious dreams—
 Thy soul-felt sighs of penitential sadness—
 Thy youthful visions of forgotten gladness !—
 Thence all the happy friends, deplored so long,
 Look down, thy last of mortal toils to see,—
 And stretch their hands, a high and holy throng,
 Rich with the gifts of immortality.

Lo ! where the radiance of their wings unfurled
 With living lustre gems the pall of night.
 Mark !—how they rustle o'er the shrouded world,
 Those pinions, that shall bear thy towering flight.
 Soon, proudly floating on thy heavenward road,
 Thou shalt perceive new glories round thee beaming,
 Caught from the splendor of that blest abode ;
 As vapors, from the ocean's bosom streaming,
 That scale the azure temples of the sky,
 More brightly shine as more they rise on high.

Rejoice my soul !—one hour of suffering more—
 One sorrowful farewell the scene to close—
 Then yield thine eyes to hope's serene repose,
 In God to waken and eternity !
 The sailor thus—when past the stormy sea,
 Believes the stars, though all unseen the shore,
 His shattered canvass furls, and sinks to sleep ;
 Soon to arise, from pictured visions bright,
 And gaze enraptured, o'er the sunny sea,
 On truths more glorious than the dreams of night.

FIRE ISLAND-ANA,

BEING A CONTINUATION OF EXTRACTS FROM* "A WEEK AT THE FIRE ISLANDS."

"WHAT an infernal lie!" growled Daniel.

"'Have my doubts;" suggested the somnolent Peter Probasco, with all the solemnity of a man who knows his situation; at the same time shaking his head and spilling his liquor.

"Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!" roared all the rest of the boys together.

"Is he done?" asked Raynor Rock.

"How many shirks was there?" cried Long John, putting in his unusual lingual oar.

"That story puts me in mind," said Venus Raynor, "about what I've heerd tell on Ebenezer Smith, at the time he went down to the north pole on a walen' voyage."

"Now look out for a screamer," laughed out Raynor Rock, refilling his pipe. "Stand by, Mr. Cypress, to let the sheet go."

"Is there any thing uncommon about that yarn, Venus?"

"Oncommon! well, I expect it's putty smart and oncommon for a man to go to sea with a bear, all alone, on a bare cake of ice. Captain Smith's woman used to say she couldn't bear to think on't."

"Tell us the whole of that, Venus," said Ned;—"that is, if it is true. Mine was—the whole of it,—although Peter has his doubts.

"I can't tell it as well as Zoph can, but I've no 'jections to tell it my way, no how. So, here goes—that's great brandy, Mr. Cypress." There was a gurgling sound of "something-to-take," running.

"Well, they was down into Baffin's Bay, or some other o' them cold Norwegen bays at the North, where the rain freezes as it comes down, and stands up in the air, on winter mornens, like great mountens o' ice, all in streaks. Well, the schooner was layen at anchor, and all the hands was out into the small boats, looken for wales;—all except the capting, who said he wa'n't very well that day. Well, he was walken up and down, on deck, smoken and thinken, I expect, mostly, when all of a sudden he reckoned he see one o' them big white bears—polar bears, you know—big as thunder—with long teeth. He reckoned he see one on 'em slumpen along on a great cake o' ice, that lay on the leeward side of the bay, up agin the bank. The old cap. wanted to kill one o' them varmint most wonderful, but he never lucked to get a chance. Now tho', he thought, the time had come for him to walk into one on 'em at laast, and fix his mutton for him right. So he run forrad and lay hold onto a small skiff, that was layen near the forc'stal, and run her out and launched her.

* The unpublished Journal of a Sportsman, continued from page 127.

Then he tuk a drink, and—here's luck—and put in a stiff load of powder, a couple of balls, and jumped in, and pulled away for the ice.

"It wa'n't long fore he got 'cross the bay, for it was a narrer piece o' water—not more than haaf a mile wide—and then he got out on to the ice. It was a smart and large cake, and the bear was 'way down to the tother end on it, by the edge o' the water. So, he walked first strut along, and then when he got putty cloast he walked 'round catecorned-like—likes's if he was driven for a plain plover—so that the bear wouldn't think he was comen arter him, and he dragged himself along on his hands and knees, low down, mostly. Well, the bear didn't seem to mind him none, and he got up within 'bout fifty yards on him, and then he looked so savage and big,—the bear did,—that the captin stopped, and rested on his knees, and put up his gun, and he was a goin to shoot. But just then the bear turned round and snuffed up the captin,—just as one of Lif's hounds snuffs up an old buck, Mr. Cypress,—and begun to walk towards him, slowly like. He come along, the captin said, clump, clump, very slow, and made the ice bend and crack agin under him, so that the water come up and putty much kivered it all over. Well, there the captin was all the time squat on his knees, with his gun pinte, waiten for the varment to come up, and his knees and legs was most mighty cold by means of the water that the bear riz on the ice as I was mentionen. At last the bear seemed to make up his mind to see how the captin *would* taste, and so he left off walken slow and started off on a smart and swift trot, right towards the old man, with his mouth wide open, roaren, and his tail sticken out stiff. The captin kept still, looken out all the time putty sharp, I should say, till the beast got within about ten yards on him, and then he let him have it. He aimed right at the fleshy part of his heart, but the bear dodged at the flash, and rared up, and the balls went into his two hind legs, jist by the jynt, one into each, and broke the thigh bones smack off, so that he went right down aft, on the ice, thump, on his hind quarters, with nothen standen but his fore legs and his head ris up, a growlen at the captin. When the old man see him down, and tryen to slide along the ice to get his revenge, likely, thinks he to himself, thinks he, I might as well get up and go and cut that ere creter's throat. So he tuk out his knife and opened it. But when he started to get up, he found, to his extonishment, that he was fruz fast to the ice. Don't laugh: it's a fact: there an't no doubt. The water, you see, had been round him, a smart and long while, whilst he was waiten for the bear, and it's wonderful cold in them regions, as I was sayen, and you'll freeze in a minit if you don't keep moven about smartly. So the captin he strained first one leg, and then he strained tother, but he couldn't move 'em none. They was both fruz fast into the ice, about an inch and a half deep, from knee to toe, tight as a Jersey eyster perryauger on a mud flat at low water. So he laid down his gun, and looked at the bear, and doubled up his fists. 'Come on, you bloody varmint,' says the old man, as the bear swallowed along on his hinder eend, comen at him. He kept getten weaker, tho', and comen slower and slower all the time, so that, at last, he didn't seem to move none; and directly, when he'd got so near that the captin could jest give him a dig in the nose by reachen forrard putty

smart and far, the captin see that the beast was fruz fast too, nor he couldn't move a step further forrard no ways. Then the captin burst out a laughen, and clapped his hands down on to his thighs, and roared. The bear seemed to be most onmighty mad at the old man's fun, and set up such a growlen that what should come to pass, but the ice cracks and breaks all around the captin and the bear, down to the water's edge, and the wind jist then a shiften, and comen off shore, away they floated on a cake of ice about ten by six, off to sea, without the darned a biscuit, or a quart o' liquor to stand 'em on the cruise! There they sot, the bear and the captin, jest so near that when they both reached forrads, they could jest about touch noses, and nother one not able to move any part on him, only excepten his upper part and fore paws."

"By jolly! that was rather a critical predicament, Venus," cried Ned, buttoning his coat. "I should have thought that the captain's nose and ears and hands would have been frozen too."

"That's quite naytr'l to suppose, sir, but you see the bear kept him warm in the upper parts, by bein so cloast to him, and breathen hard and hot on the old man whenever he growled at him. Them polar bears is wonderful hardy animals, and has a monstrous deal o' heat into 'em, by means of their bein able to stand such cold climates, I expect. And so the captin knowed this, and whenever he felt chilly, he jest tuk his ram-rod, and stirred up the old rascal, and made him roar and squeal, and then the hot breath would come pouren out all over the captin, and made the air quite moderut and pleasant."

"Well, go on, Venus. Take another horn first."

"Well, there a'nt much more on't. Off they went to sea, and sometimes the wind druv 'em nothe, and then agin it druv 'em southe, but they went southe mostly; and so it went on, until they were out about three weeks. So at last, one afternoon"—

"But, Venus, stop: tell us, in the name of wonder, how did the captain contrive to support life all this time?"

"Why, sir, to be sure, it was a hard kind o' life to support, but a hardy man will get used to almost"—

"No, no: what did he eat? what did he feed on?"

"O—O—I'd liked to've skipped that ere.—Why sir, I've heerd different accounts as to that. Uncle Obe Verity told me he reckoned the captin cut off one of the bear's paws, when he lay stretched out asleep, one day, with his jack-knife, and sucked that for fodder, and they say there's a smart deal o' nourishment in a white bear's foot. But if I may be allowed to spend my 'pinion, I should say my old man's account is the rightest, and that's—what's as follows. You see after they'd been out three days abouts, they begun to grow kind o' hungry, and then they got friendly, for misery loves company, you know; and the captin said the bear looked at him several times, very sorrowful, as much as to say, 'captin, what the devil shall we do?' Well, one day they was sitten, looken at each other, with the tears ready to burst out o' their eyes, when all of a hurry, somethin come floppen up out o' the water onto the ice. The captin looked and see it was a seal. The bear's eyes kindled up as he looked at it, and then,

the captin said, he giv him a wink to keep still. So there they sot, still as starch, till the seal not thinken nothin o' them no more nor if they was dead, walked right up between 'em. Then slump! went down old whitey's nails into the fishes flesh, and the captain run his jack-knife into the tender loin. The seal soon got his bitters, and the captain cut a big hunk off the tail eend, and put it behind him, out o' the bear's reach, and then he felt smart and comfortable, for he had stores enough for a long cruise, though the bear could'nt say so much for himself.

Well, the bear, by course, soon run out o' provisions, and had to put himself onto short allowance; and then he begun to show his naytural temper. He first stretched himself out as far as he could go, and tried to hook the captin's piece o' seal, but when he found he could'nt reach that, he begun to blow and yell. Then he'd rare up and roar, and try to get himself clear from the ice. But mostly he rared up and roared, and pounded his big paws and head upon the ice, till bye and bye, (jest as the captin said he expected,) the ice cracked in two agin, and split right through between the bear and the captin, and there they was on two different pieces o' ice, the captin and the bear! The old man said he raaly felt sorry at parten company, and when the cake split and separate, he cut off about a haaf o' pound o' seal and chucked it to the bear. But either because it wa'nt enough for him, or else on account o' his feelen bad at the captin's goen, the beast would'nt touch it to eat it, and he laid it down, and growled and moaned over it quite pitiful. Well, off they went, one one way, and tother 'nother way, both feel'n pretty bad, I expect. After a while the captin got smart and cold, and felt mighty lonesome, and he said he raaly thought he'd a gi'n in and died, if they had'nt pick'd him up that arternoon."

"Who picked him up, Venus?"

"Who? a codfish craft off o' Newfoundland, I expect. They did'nt know what to make o' him when they first see him slingen up his hat for 'em. But they got out all their boats, and took a small swivel and a couple o' muskets a board and started off—expecten it was the sea-sarpent, or an old maremaid. They woud'nt believe it was a man, until he'd told 'em all about it, and then they did'nt hardly believe it nuther, and they cut him out o' the ice and tuk him aboard their vessel, and rubbed his legs with ile o' vitrol; but it was a long time afore they come to."

"Did'nt they hurt him badly in cutting him out, Venus?"

"No sir, I believe not: not so bad as one might s'pose; for you see he'd been stuck in so long, that the circulaten on his blood had kind o' rotted the ice that was right next to him, and when they begun to cut, it crack'd off pretty smart and easy, and he come out whole like a hard biled egg."

"What became of the bear?"

"Ca'nt say as to that, what became o' him. He went off to sea somewheres, I expect. I should like to know, myself, how the varment got along, right well, for it was kind in him to let the captin have the biggest haaf o' the seal, any how. That's all boys. How many's asleep?"

THE HOUR OF BURIAL.

“It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients, to bury the young at the morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they poetically imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embraces.”

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII.

When should the young to rest be laid—
 Their bosoms no longer aching?
 —When the Night Queen's lamp has all decayed:
 The morning serenely breaking:
 For bright Aurora, soul of morn,
 To her rosy breast will press them;
 And the fresh hours, no more forlorn,
 Her sisters bright, will caress them.

When should the hero seek that bed,
 Round which no phantoms hover?
 —When the storm-clouds to their homes have fled,
 The sun careering over.
 For the banners will more bravely float
 In the day-star's zenith glory,
 And that hour of pomp will well denote
 The pride of the victor's story.

When should the patriarch lay him down,
 Life's meteor no longer gleaming?
 —When Autumn skies forget to frown,
 Her sunset benignly streaming:
 For Hesperus, on golden wings,
 To Elysian fields will bear him;
 And he—while far the welkin rings,
 A brother born will declare him.

When should the dark-souled tyrant sink
 To his grave undecked and lonely?
 —When the stars from the cold cloud shrink—
 The winter winds wailing only:
 For his startled spirit so will find
 Relief in the tempest howling,
 From the curses deep that load the wind
 More dread than the thunders growling.

F.

A WINTER IN THE WEST.*

IT has long been a very general, and, at the same time, a far from unjust subject of complaint, that Europeans,—men of talent, men of science, men of almost universal information,—are palpably and disgracefully ignorant of matters, “*Men, and Manners,*” in America. Lord Byron’s topographical description of Washington, near Albany, on the Ohio, is familiar to every reader, and has been laughed at by hundreds, who have perhaps forgotten to blush at their own still more disgraceful want of information, or even interest, concerning the remote districts of their own native land. That Englishmen should make the most ludicrous blunders in speaking of a country, separated from their island by a thousand leagues of ocean, and one whose territorial divisions and forms of government can never in reality affect them, whether for good or for evil, is by no means so marvellous, as that numbers unnumbered should be dwelling in our Atlantic cities, who are about as well acquainted with the geography, statistics, population, and customs of the Chinese empire, as with those of our own Western and Northwestern States and Territories. Yet, we presume, it will hardly be disputed that such is the case; it will hardly be denied that many persons, who consider themselves, and are considered by others, as possessing intellect and acquirement above par, might be found ignorant, not merely of the produce and peculiarities of Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and other districts rising into wealth and importance with a degree of rapidity never paralleled in the history of the world, but of the very names and situation of their capitals. Comprising a large number of separate states, each nearly equal in extent, and how much superior in the advantages of education and intelligence to many European kingdoms, the vast region included under the general name of the United States,—extending from climes of almost tropical heat to the opposite extreme of arctic cold, teeming with the agricultural riches peculiar to half the different countries of the globe, with the vintage and the glowing fruits of Southern Europe, the cerealia of the temperate climes, and the pine-forests roamed by the wild denizens of the North,—presents an aspect no less favorable to the researches of the naturalist, than do its distinct, though harmonizing, tribes of citizens to the eye of the philosopher. Of other lands we are accustomed to speak as being civilized or barbarous—of our own it may be said, with truth, that it presents the singular anomaly of a race of men descended generally from the same parentage, speaking the same tongue, governed by the same laws, and proudly exercising the same equal rights, existing, as component parts of one great whole, in every possible state,

* A Winter in the West. 2 vols. 12mo. Harper & Brothers, Cliff-street, New York.
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from the highest grade of intellectual refinement, to the verge of absolute barbarism. Nor is this the only, or the most remarkable, peculiarity; for, strange as it may seem, the very men, who have advanced, as the pioneers of civilization, beyond the frontiers of society, are often those who have mingled with and adorned the brightest circles of the cities, who have exchanged the weapons of intellectual warfare for the axe and rifle, and who will be found in the wilderness exercising with success the arts of polished life, in conjunction with the perilous and toilsome occupations of the woodman and the hunter. It is this, which lends so singular an aspect to the population of the West, so strange a mixture of dignity and rudeness, of simplicity and cultivation, as that which is daily found in frontier life. It is this, which produces a state of intercourse, wherein the extremes of roughness and refinement stand together. It is this, and this alone, which can account for the fact, that men living in almost primitive artlessness, depending for their daily food on the hound and rifle, or toiling in the gloom of the mines, can feel a relish for intellectual enjoyments, of a nature appreciated perhaps more deeply by these citizens of the wilderness, than by the colder but more cultivated dwellers in towns and cities;—that they can turn from the wild excitement of the chase, or from the wilder struggle with the Indian, to seek for the same excitement, the same and yet how different, in the melancholy philosophy of Childe Harold, or the dreamy fictions of a Bulwer. That these things are, is doubtless;—things which to have imagined in a novel would be deemed not merely Utopian, but utterly and absurdly foolish. That there is such a race of men, as we have attempted to sketch out with a feeble pencil, is an undoubted truth;—men battling with the opposition of untamed nature, struggling with the forest or the prairie, vanquishing the vicissitudes of climate, driving the deer and the Indian step by step before them, carrying with them our language and our religion, extending the limits of an empire which will one day be bounded only by the far Pacific, building up, as they go, the fabrics of education and government, paving the roads and arching the bridges which shall ere long connect the sea-board towns with those that shall arise on the western tributaries of the Mississippi, or on the pellucid lakes of Michigan,—springing up from the rude shanties of the hunter, into the domes, the spires, and the palaces, of marble cities, with a rapidity that vies with the supernatural labors of oriental genii. Such a race of men there is—of countrymen—of brothers.—And what know we of them? What information have we gained, or have we sought to gain, concerning these our fellow-citizens? We have, it is true, laughed at their uncouth phraseology, imitated or exaggerated by the wit of a Hackett—we have trembled with the thrill of excited imagination at their hairbreadth escapes, as narrated, naturally or unnaturally, we know not and we care not whether, by the descriptive pen of a Cooper—but for the truth we have not asked, for the reality, more wildly wonderful than the most surprising fiction, we have not inquired!—And shall this ignorance, this apathy, endure for ever?—For the first time, we can answer boldly in the negative. For the first time, has a gentleman of education and refinement gone forth from the pleasures, or the light labors, of a literary life, into the

western wilds, not as a sojourner, but as an inquirer ;—not to become himself a pioneer, but to report their progress, to record their daring labors, to bear witness to the incredible rapidity with which they are passing onwards, still leaving behind them the noblest monuments of their industry and improvement.

By the kindness of the publishers we have been favored with a sight of the sheets of this highly interesting and useful work, which will be given to the public, we presume, simultaneously with the appearance of our present number. Many of the letters, of which this agreeable publication is composed, and which were written during a tour of seven months, appeared at various intervals in the columns of a valuable evening paper of this city ; these, the author has been induced, by the celebrity acquired by such detached sketches, and by the solicitation of his friends, to collect into a less ephemeral form than that under which they were originally issued. In addition to these, many other papers have been inserted so as to form a complete and continuous narrative, which, from the specimens now before us, we can recommend most warmly to the attention of all our readers. Possessing all the interest of personal adventure, with all the wildness and romance of fiction, we dare assert that this lively little narrative will contribute more largely to the information of Americans, on a subject, concerning which to be ignorant is indeed disgraceful, than any work that has hitherto been sent forth from the press either in this or in the mother country ; and that, unless we are vastly mistaken, it will be the most popular work of the season, both here and in England, where it must be at once republished. To give a detailed account of a work necessarily so desultory in its descriptions would be of course impossible, we therefore proceed at once, after recording our admiration both of the style and matter, to lay before our readers such specimens as we deem most interesting and most conducive to the forming a correct idea of "A Winter in the West." To those who know nothing of the Indian, but from the highly-wrought and perhaps overcharged descriptions of Cooper, or from the miserable specimens of this once powerful race which may occasionally be seen leading a miserable and vagabond life about the northern villages of our own state, Mr. Hoffman's spirited description of an encampment, on the prairie, of the yet unconquered and uncontaminated natives, cannot but prove amusing and instructive.

SCENE IN AN INDIAN CAMP.

December 24th.

The air was mild this morning, and large flocks of snow-birds twittering among the bur-oaks, with jays screaming from the woods, and packs of grouse rising continually before us in the openings, made our route to the camp of Warpkesick, a Pottawattamie chieftain, more like a ride in the spring-time than a winter excursion. I was accompanied by my companion of yesterday ; and, as we were both well-mounted, we galloped over the openings towards Lyon Lake, at a rate that brought us in a few minutes to the white sand-beach which fringes that beautiful water. The marks of an Indian trail were here easily discernible ; and following the foot-marks dashed in the yielding sand, the frequent print of moccasins soon led us again away from the shore into a tall wood beyond. A morass, that shook for yards around as our horses' hoofs encountered the sagging peat, was next to be

crossed; and then passing between two small lonely-looking lakes, where a tall pine or two lifted its sweeping cone above the tapering tamaracks around, we struck at last into a dense forest. Here the numerous deer-runways, with the flocks of wild turkeys, and innumerable tracks of rackoons, wolves, and bears, showed us that we were upon a favorite hunting-ground of the Pottawattamies. As for the wolves, they are little disturbed by the Indians, who consider them fair hunters like themselves, and privileged to go unmolested. They generally abound around a hunting-camp; and soon grow fat on the offals of game slaughtered near it. But bears, though the successful hunter invariably takes his dead quarry by the paw, calls him his grandfather, and asks his pardon for killing him, "being compelled to it by necessity," are hunted with great avidity; and you generally find a tamarack swamp, the favorite covert of these animals, in the vicinity of a hunting-camp.

We had ridden for about a mile through the heavily timbered land, when reaching the banks of the Nottawaseepee, a branch of the St. Joseph's, I heard the sound of children's voices, and descried two or three red urchins wading through the shallow stream on stilts, while others of a similar age were amusing themselves in shooting bows and arrows on the opposite side. We immediately forded the stream, and making our way into a swamp, where the horses sank to the knee at every step, came unexpectedly upon a piece of firm ground, some eighty yards in diameter, and found ourselves in the middle of the camp of Warpkesick. It was composed of three or four wigwams only, but they were large, and probably contained several families each. They were constructed of mats, arranged precisely in the form of a tent, and supported in the same manner, an opening being left in the centre for the escape of the smoke, and a blanket suspended over a hole cut in the side, supplying the place of a door. The day being mild for the season of the year, the indwellers of these simple habitations were, at the moment of our arrival, variously occupied in several groups on the outside. Some of the men were cleaning their weapons, and others were arranging a bundle of muskrat traps; while one old fellow, whose screwed-up features, peering from under a mass of grizzly locks, indicated the cunning of the trapper, rather than the boldness of the hunter, was occupied in flaying an otter but just taken. The women alone, however, appeared to be assiduously engaged—the men having all a lounging air of indolence, incompatible with the idea of actual employment: pressing skins was the occupation of the former; and they sat grouped each like a hare in its form around a collection of boiling kettles, over which the skins were suspended.

A tall virago of fifty, whose erect stature, elf locks, and scarlet blanket floating about her person would entitle her to flourish as Meg Merrilies in the frontispiece of *Guy Mannering*, stood up in the midst; and, had it not been for some tolerably pretty faces among her junior collaborators, might have been taken for Hecate herself, surrounded by the weird sisters of the caldron. A pack of wolfish-looking curs, about twenty in number, completed the assemblage; which, when you take into consideration the variously colored calico dresses and wampum ornaments in which the females had arrayed themselves, with the white, blue, red, and green blankets in which the men were wrapped, constituted about as motley a collection as ever followed Falstaff to the field. Warpkesick himself, the chief of the gipsy band, issued from his lodge while I was thus studying the appearance of his adherents. He was a young man, not more than thirty, with a handsome though somewhat voluptuous cast of countenance and remarkably fine eyes. His stature was rather below the middle size; and though the upper part of his person was extremely well formed, with a deep chest and broad flat shoulders, one of his legs, whether from deformity or misfortune I did not like to inquire, was so twisted under his body as to be worse than useless. He supported himself upon an ashen staff about eight feet in length, and terminating at the bottom in a round ball, to prevent it, probably, from sinking too deeply into the earth while in rapid pursuit of game; the chief being, in spite of the unsightly encumbrance he is compelled to drag after him, when bounding like a stricken panther on his prey, one of the keenest hunters of his tribe. He received us courteously, but remained standing; while several Indians gathered in a few moments around him: after shaking hands with them all in succession, I took up a loaded gun, and by way of breaking up the formality of the meeting, desired an eagle-eyed young Indian to make a shot with it. He hesitated for a moment to comply, and immediately all the others, from some whim or other, insisted that I should shoot. Our conversation being altogether in signs, it was some moments before I understood their gestures; and I confess, that having little practice with a single ball, I was any thing but embarrassed when I came to understand the purport of the request they were

proffering with so much animation. A small blaze that was instantly made with a tomahawk in a sapling, forty or fifty yards distant, left me no excuse for pretending longer to misunderstand my worthy acquaintances; and placing the gun to my shoulder, I was as much surprised at putting the ball within a couple of inches of the centre, as if the tree had screamed when thus pierced by my random bullet.

Having met with those in Michigan who will drive a rusty nail with a rifle at this distance, and shoot leaves from each other's heads at six rods, I could not account for the degree of approval manifested by the spectators, till my companion informed me that the Indians, owing perhaps to the inferiority of their rifles, which are of English manufacture, are but indifferent marksmen at still objects. "*Tai-ya*," cried the women, "*Neshin*," said the chief, and "*Nesheshin*," echoed his attendants; while the blankets of the lodges were now for the first time raised, and entering, we stretched ourselves on mats around the fire. A youth of nineteen sprang to his feet as I removed the dingy curtain which formed the door, and revealed a face and form that might be the model of an Apollo. Being ill at the time, he was but half dressed; the purple blanket dropping from his shoulders setting off a neck and chest of the finest manly proportions. His features were copied by Nature from a Greek model; while his shaven crown, with the single chivalric scalp-lock tufted with a heron's feather, would, in its noble developments, have thrown the disciples of Gall and Spurzheim into ecstacy. The peculiarity of his head-dress, with the beautifully beaded leggins round his ankles, revealed to me at once that the young gentleman was an Indian dandy—a Pottawattamie Pelham in an undress; and I assure you that Mrs. C—— never schooled any of his New-York rivals to wear their Spanish cloaks with a better air than was exhibited by my red friend Mitosway-Coquat-chegun, or Ten-Garters, as he gathered the folds of his blankets about his person.

Pipes were now lit, and Ten-Garters, who was too unwell to smoke himself, politely, after a few whiffs, tendered me his, while my companion, who could partially speak the language, was supplied from another quarter: we were soon perfectly at home. I had picked up from the floor of the lodge, on entering, a rude musical instrument—a species of flute of imperfect tones, but having a rich mellow sound—when, as I was trying to squeeze a tune from the gammutless pipe, Warpkesick rose abruptly, and stating that he had to start at once on a trapping expedition, signified that we should take our departure. An Indian pony stood at the door, and leaping at one bound into the wooden saddle, an immense bundle of steel-traps was handed to the chief by a by-stander; and accompanied by an Indian on foot, almost as sorry-looking as the miserable beast he rode, our abrupt host disappeared at once into the woods. I was lingering behind to purchase the flute, and had conciliated the squaws wonderfully by tearing out the silk lining of my frock-coat, and giving it in shreds to their children, when my friend, being already mounted, told me we had better move off. I had barely time to cross the saddle, when a whoop rang through the woods, which, while it made my horse spring almost from beneath me, would have wakened Rip Vanwinkle from his twenty years' dose. The piercing cry from the forest was echoed with an exulting shout from every wigwam. A dozen dusky figures leaped through their flimsy porches, with as many rifles gleaming in their hands. He of the heron feather was first that caught my eye, and as his gun pointed in the direction whence the first whoop came, immediately behind me, I could not help, in spite of the undesirable propinquity of its muzzle, admiring the eagle-eye and superb attitude of the young warrior. Not a soul advanced three paces from the covert whence he sprang. There was a dead silence. The children held their breath, and "*Meg Merrilies*," who had stept on a fallen tree at the first outcry, now stood so still that her eldritch form, were it not for the elf locks streaming over her scarlet blanket in the breeze, might have been mistaken for a figure of stone. Another whoop, and the cause of all the commotion at once appeared. A noble buck, roused from his lair by Warpkesick, comes bounding by the camp, and buries his proud antlers in the dust in a moment. A dozen scalping-knives pierce his leathern coat, and the poor creature is stripped of his skin almost before he has time to pant out his expiring breath.

Nor are our author's descriptions of scenery, or his enjoyment of the picturesque, peculiar to poetical temperaments, less natural or less pleasing than his graphic sketches of the Indian about his council fire, the white pioneer in his cabin, or amid the glorious confusion and excitement of the chase. Three of these paintings—for such in truth they are, and

by a master-hand after nature—we have extracted, not as the most beautiful, for they have a hundred rivals, but as fair specimens of the author's style; one—of the

AUTUMNAL FORESTS AMONG THE ALLEGHANIES.

We are now in the bosom of the Alleghanies: the scenery passed to-day is beautiful, most beautiful. The mountains are loftier, as well as more imposing in form, than those which skirt these wild regions eastwardly; whichever way the eye directs itself, they are piled upon each other in masses, which blend at last with the clouds above them. At one point they lie in confused heaps together; at another they lap each other with outlines as distinct as if the crest of each were of chiselled stone: some, while the breeze quivers through their dense forests, rear their round backs, like the hump of a camel, boldly near; and some, swelling more gradually from the vales below, show in the blue distance like waves caught on the curl by some mighty hand, and arrested ere they broke on the misty region beyond. Then for their foliage! the glorious hues of autumn are here displayed in all their fullness, and brilliancy, and power—volume upon volume, like the rolling masses of sunset clouds, the leafy summits fold against the sky—calm at one moment as the bow of peace, whose tints they borrow; and at another flaming like the banners of a thousand battles in the breeze.

But why should I attempt to describe what baffles all description? The humblest grove of our country is, at this season, arrayed in colors such as the Italian masters never dreamed of; and woods like these assume a pomp which awes the pencil into weakness. Such forests, such foliage were unknown when our language was invented. Let those who named the noble-sounding rivers that reflect their glories supply words to describe them. pp. 31, 32.

Another—of the

TRACES OF INDIAN WARS.

In these secluded dells a number of settlers had ventured to fix themselves along the Galena route; and though many have now returned to their precarious homes, the humble dwellings and various little improvements of others remain as they left them when fleeing with their families before the dreaded savage. With the appearance of one of these cottages I was struck particularly. The roots of a large tree, whose branches brushed a wall of rock opposite to it, had caused a sparkling brook to describe the form of a horse-shoe in winding through a small alluvial bottom, while a row of wild plum-trees across the little peninsula thus formed divided it from the rest of the valley, and just left room enough for the cabin of the settler, with a few acres for a garden around his door. A few acres more along the margin of the brook supplied another enclosure; and the fences and fixtures exhibited a degree of care and arrangement by no means common in this region. But the exiled owner had never returned to his tasteful though humble home. The open door swung loose upon a single hinge. The snow lay far within the threshold; and a solitary raven, perched upon the roof, seemed to consider the abode of desolation so much his own, that, heedless of a flock of his brothers which rose from some carrion near, as we approached the place, he only moved sideways along the rafter, and gave a solitary croak as we drove by. pp. 302, 303.

And a third,—which we consider, both for the picture it affords, and for the exquisite musings to which it has given rise, and which will be found to justify our observation concerning the poetical temperament of our author, we consider a perfect gem.

THE LAKES OF MICHIGAN.

As for general healthfulness of situation, I believe it is agreed that the banks of the small lakes which so abound in the peninsula are—when these transparent bodies of water are surrounded by a sand-beach, which is the case with about a third of them—among the healthiest. They are fed generally by deep springs, and in many instances are supposed to have a subterranean outlet; while so beautifully transparent are their waters, that the canoe suspended on their bosom seems to float in mid-air. These lakes abound with fish; and in some of them, of only a few acres in extent, fish have been taken of forty pounds weight. They generally lie imbosomed in the oak openings, and with their regular and almost formal banks

crowned with open groves, these silver pools might be readily taken for artificial trout-ponds in a cultivated park. I need hardly add, that it is necessary to diverge, as I have, from the route generally travelled, to see these scenic gems, so numerous, lonely, and beautiful. Not one in a hundred has a settler on its banks; and I confess I take a singular pleasure in surveying these beauties, as yet unmarred by the improving axe of the woodman, and unprofaned by the cockney eyes of city tourists; nor would I change my emotions, while ranging alone over the broad meadows, traversing the lofty forests, or loitering by the limpid lakes of Michigan, for the proudest musings of the scholar who revels in classic land. It may argue a want of refinement in taste, but I confess that a hoary oak is to me more an object of veneration than a mouldering column; and that I would rather visit scenes where a human foot has never trod than dwell upon those gilded by the most arrogant associations of our race.

What are the temples which Roman robbers have reared,—what are the towers in which feudal oppression has fortified itself,—what the blood-stained associations of the one, or the despotic superstitions of the other, to the deep forests which the eye of God has alone pervaded, and where Nature, in her unviolated sanctuary, has for ages laid her fruits and flowers on his altar! What is the echo of roofs that a few centuries since rung with barbaric revels, or of aisles that pealed the anthems of painted pomp, to the silence which has reigned in these dim groves since the first fiat of creation was spoken! pp. 194—196.

Extensive as have been our extracts already, there are two others which we can on no account overlook; the one as affording a perfect illustration of that juxtaposition of the two extremes of society—to which we alluded in our preliminary observations—in the Pelham novel, the volume of Shakspeare, and the family Bible, which will be seen forming a portion of the furniture in the bar-room of a tavern on the Ouisconsin; a place wherein men are termed *steamboats* as the highest possible praise, and where the rudest realities of border life, Indian or white, will be found in their most racy perfection. We will designate it as

LIFE ON THE OUISCONSIN.

But at last, just where the landscape was becoming almost too broken to keep up these associations of high cultivation, a distant light appeared glimmering at the bottom of a rocky valley, and slipping and floundering through the snow which partially smoothed the rugged descent, we entered a small hamlet of log-huts, and drove up to the door of a frame-building, which proved to be the public-house of "Mineral Point."

A portly Tennessean, of some six feet high, received us warmly at the door, and hurried me into a room where a large fire of bur-oak, and a smoking supper of venison and hot corn-cakes were alike welcomed. Half a dozen miners in leather shirts or belted coats of Kentucky jean were lounging about the establishment, while a tall backwoodsman in a fringed hunting-frock was stretched on several chairs, with a pipe in one hand, and the other resting on a Pelham novel, which, with a volume of Shakspeare, an old Bible, and the "Western Songster," formed a pyramid beneath his brawny arm. "Whirling Thunder," the Winnebago chief, had, as I was informed, just left the establishment, or our party would have been perfect. The old fellow, who, I presume, is superannuated, had been breathing revenge and slaughter against the Sauks and Foxes, who, he says, have killed a number of his tribe, and he avows a determination to come down upon the enemy with seven hundred warriors, though I believe it is well known that there are not at present half the number in his tribe, and they scattered far and wide on their hunting expeditions. As it was, however, I found the company into which I was thrown in more than one way agreeable. They were civil and conversable; and when a cigar was handed me by a well-dressed gentleman engaged in the mines, who had sat down to supper with us, I stretched my legs before the fire, and soon felt myself perfectly at home. The rumors of Indian wars, with the incidents in those already gone by, being thoroughly discussed, feats of strength and activity were next introduced; whereat, a burly broad-shouldered fellow, with a head of hair like a boat's swab, jumped on his feet, and shaking the flaps of his rough kersey doublet like a pair of wings, crowed and swore he could throw any man of his weight in the mines. "Why, Bill Armstrong," cried a little old man, who I

was assured was nearly eighty years of age, shaking the ashes from his pipe the while, "I could double up two such fellows as you in my time; and I think as it is (slowly rising and collaring the puissant Bill), I'll whip one of them now for a treat;" they grappled at once, and Armstrong good-naturedly allowing the old man to put him down, a laugh was raised at his expense. But Bill was too much a cock of the walk to mind it, and striding up to the bar, he called out, "Come here, old fellow, and take your treat—you're a steamboat; but who couldn't be beat by a fellow that had forty years the advantage of him." pp. 308—312.

The other and last quotation with which we shall at present swell our pages is a graphic sketch of a wolf-chase over the snowy prairies—a species of sport, uniting in a high degree the continued excitement of a Leicester-shire fox-hunt, with the peril, the wildness, and the romance of a tiger-hunt in India, excelling either in all the main points that render this mimic warfare the most generally popular of athletic exercises—which will, we doubt not, make some of our city slaughterers of quail and woodcock, "and such small deer," open their eyes in a manner which we cannot venture on describing.

A WINTER WOLF HUNT ON THE PRAIRIES.

I was not present at the assembling of the hunt; and the first intimation I had of the game being afoot, was from hearing the cry of hounds and the shouting of a party of horsemen, as they clattered along the frozen river, with two prairie wolves and one gray wolf running at full speed, about a pistol-shot ahead of them. One wolf was killed, and another had made his escape, before I joined the party. But the third, the gray wolf, which had struck off into the prairie, was still fresh when I came into the hunt with an untired horse. But one of the hunters had been able to keep up with him, and him I could distinguish a mile off in the prairie, turning and winding his foaming horse as the wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while half a dozen dogs, embarrassed in the deep snow, were slowly coming up. I reached the spot just as the wolf first stood at bay. His bristling back, glaring eyes, and ferociously distended jaws might have appalled the dogs for a moment, when an impetuous greyhound, who had been for some time pushing through the snow-drifts with unabated industry, having now attained a comparatively clear spot of ground, leaped with such force against the flank of the wolf as to upset him in an instant, while the greyhound shot far ahead of the quarry. He recovered himself instantly, but not before a fierce, powerful hound, whose thick neck and broad muzzle indicated a cross of the bull-dog blood with that of a nobler strain, had struck him first upon the haunch, and was now trying to grapple him by the throat. Down again he went, rolling over and over in the deep snow, while the *clicking* of his jaws, as he snapped eagerly at each member of the pack that by turns beset him, was distinctly audible. The powerful dog, already mentioned, secured him at last, by fixing his muzzle deeply into the breast of the prostrate animal. This, however, did not prevent the wolf giving some fearful wounds to the other dogs which beset him; and, accordingly, with the permission of the gentleman who had led the chase, I threw myself from my horse, and gave the game the coup de grace with a dirk-knife which I carried about me. The success of this hunt induced us, upon the spot, to appoint another for this day.

It was a fine bracing morning, with the sun shining cheerily through the still cold atmosphere far over the snow-covered prairie, when the party assembled in front of my lodgings, to the number of ten horsemen, all well mounted and eager for the sport. The hunt was divided into two squads; one of which was to follow the windings of the river on the ice, and the other to make a circuit on the prairie. A pack of dogs, consisting of a greyhound or two for running the game, with several of a heavier and fiercer breed for pulling it down, accompanied each party. I was attached to that which took the river; and it was a beautiful sight, as our friends trotted off in the prairies, to see their different colored capotes and gaily equipped horses contrasted with the bright carpet of spotless white over which they rode, while the sound of their voices was soon lost to our ears, as we descended to the channel of the river, and their lessening figures were hid from our view by the low brush which in some places skirted its banks. The brisk trot into which we now broke, brought us rapidly to the place of meeting; where, to the disappointment of each party, it was found that neither had started any game. We now spread our-

selves into a broad line, about gunshot apart from each other, and began thus advancing into the prairie. We had not swept it thus more than a mile, when a shout on the extreme left, with the accelerated pace of the two furthestmost riders in that direction, told that they had roused a wolf. "The devil take the hindermost," was now the motto of the company, and each one spurred for the spot with all eagerness. Unhappily, however, the land along the bank of the river, on the right, was so broken by ravines, choked up with snow, that it was impossible for us, who were half a mile from the game when started, to come up at all with the two or three horsemen who led the pursuit. Our horses sunk to their cruppers in the deep snow-drift. Some were repeatedly thrown; and one or two, breaking their saddle-girths, from the desperate struggles their horses made in the snow-banks, were compelled to abandon the chase entirely. My stout roan carried me bravely through them all; but when I emerged from the last ravine on the open plain, the two horsemen who led the chase, from some inequality in the surface of the prairie, were not visible; while the third, a fleet rider, whose tall figure and Indian head-dress had hitherto guided me, had been just unhorsed, and abandoning the game afoot, was now wheeling off apparently with some other object in view. Following on the same course, we soon encountered a couple of officers in a train, who were just coming from a mission of charity in visiting the half-starved orphans of a poor woman, who was frozen to death on the prairie a day or two since—the wolves having already picked her bones before her fate became known. One by one, our whole party collected around to make inquiries about the poor children, and the two fortunate hunters soon after joined us, one of them with a large prairie wolf hanging to the saddle-bow.

It was now about eleven o'clock; we were only twelve miles from Chicago; and though we had kept a pretty round pace, considering the depth of the snow, in coursing backward and forward since eight, our horses generally were yet in good condition, and we scattered once more over the prairie, with the hope of rousing more game.

Not ten minutes elapsed before a wolf, breaking from the dead weeds which, shooting eight or ten feet above the level of the snow, indicated the banks of a deep ravine, dashed off into the prairie pursued by a horseman on the right. He made instantly for the deep banks of the river, one of whose windings was within a few hundred yards. He had a bold rider behind him, in the gentleman who led the chase (a young educated half-blood, of prepossessing manners, and well connected at Chicago). The precipitous bank of the stream did not retard this hunter for a moment, but dashing down the bed of the river, he was hard upon the wolf before he could ascend the elevation on the opposite side. Four of us only reached the open prairie beyond in time to take part in the chase. Nothing could be more beautiful. There was nothing to oppose us in the open plain; and all our dogs having long since given out, nothing remained but to drive the wolf to death on horseback. Away, then, we went, shouting on his track; the hotly pursued beast gaining on us whenever the crust of a deep snow-drift gave him an advantage over the horse, and we in our turn nearly riding over him when we came to ground comparatively bare. The sagacious animal became at last aware that his course would soon be up at this rate, and turning rapidly in his tracks as we were scattered over the prairie, he passed through our line and made at once again for the river. He was cut off, and turned in a moment, by a horseman on the left, who happened to be a little behind the rest; and now came the keenest part of the sport. The wolf would double every moment upon his tracks, while each horseman in succession would make a dash at, and turn him in a different direction. Twice I was near enough to strike him with a horsewhip, and once he was under my horse's feet; while so furiously did each rider push at him, that as we brushed by each other and confronted horse to horse, while riding from different quarters at full speed, it required one somewhat used "to turn and wind a fiery Pegasus" to maintain his seat at all. The rascal, who would now and then look over his shoulder, and gnash his teeth, seemed at last as if he was about to succumb—when, after running a few hundred yards in an oblique direction from the river, he suddenly veered his course, at a moment when every one thought his strength was spent; and, gaining the bank before he could be turned, he disappeared in an instant. The rider nearest to his heels became entangled in the low boughs of a tree which grew near the spot; while I, who followed next, was thrown out sufficiently to give the wolf time to get out of view, by my horse bolting as he reached the sudden edge of the river. The rest of the hunt were consequently at fault when they came up to us; and after trying in vain to track our lost quarry over the smooth ice for half an hour, we were most vexatiously compelled to abandon the pursuit as

fruitless, and to return to the village with only one scalp as the reward of our morning's labor. pp. 247—254.

We are almost ashamed, on casting our eyes over this article, to see the very inadequate proportion which our remarks bear to the extent of our quotations ; but on this point we feel the less scruple, in that on this subject our own remarks could not fail to be somewhat dry and, perhaps wearisome, while the portions we have selected cannot, we think, fail to excite universal admiration. We shall be doubly disappointed, if "A Winter in the West" be not received as warmly as we now anticipate ; in the first place that the author should fail in meeting with the recompense of fame which we think he justly merits, and secondly that it will argue a want of zeal, of taste, and of discrimination, in our reading public, of which we should be grieved to think them capable.

We can devise no better mode of winding up this article, than by the insertion of a clever little song, by the same author ; which, though it has found its way into print, has not, we believe, had a circulation so extensive as to render its publication here superfluous. It will be found to contain a sketch of the spring beauties of the same wild regions, which he has described with so graphic a pen robed in their garb of winter ; and without further apology we offer it entire to our readers.

THE WESTERN HUNTER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Wend love with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where their bossy cups o'er the streamlet pend,
And their wakening buds through the piled leaves peep—*
Thou shalt gather, from those of the oriole's hue,
Whose flaming wings round our pathway flit—
From the saffron orchis, or lupin blue,
Or those like the foam on my courser's bit.

One steed and one saddle us both shall bear,
One hand of each on the bridle meet,
And beneath the wrist that entwines me there
An answering pulse from my heart shall beat.—
And I'll sing thee many a joyous lay,
As we chase the deer by the blue lake side,
While the winds that over the prairie play
Shall fan the cheek of my woodland bride.

Our home shall be by the cool bright streams,
Where the beaver chooses her safe retreat,
And our lot shall smile, like the sun's warm gleams
Through the branches around our lodge that meet.
Then wend with me, to the deep woods wend,
Where far in the forest the wild flowers keep,
Where their bossy cups o'er the streamlet pend,
And their wakening buds through the piled leaves peep.

* "The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below." *Bryant.*

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

She dared her fallen kingdom to behold,
 In regal pride of majesty serene;—
 She dared the coiling reptiles to unfold,
 Courting their venomed kiss with dauntless mien.

Sublimely fierce—death full before her eyes—
 She spurned the thought, that she could e'er be seen
 Swelling the Roman's pomp, his noblest prize!—
 A proud, reluctant slave!—a crownless queen!

HOR. i. 38.

THE evening sun shone in unclouded brilliancy over the lovely gardens, that extended for many a mile, beyond the marble suburbs of the Egyptian metropolis,—the mightiest work of that famed conqueror, who, building it in the very wantonness of pride, deemed it perchance the slightest of his wonderful achievements. The roads, which issued from that great city, circulating, like arteries from the human heart, wealth and prosperity to the extremities of her dominion, wandered amid brakes and thickets of the coolest verdure; nor had the almost tropic sun of those now scorched and sterile climes the power to pierce the embowering foliage, which covered those magnificent highways with a continuous vault of living freshness. The glossy leaves of the dark fig, and the broad canopy of the aspiring palms, towering a hundred feet aloft to bask in the full glare of day, above his head,—a pavement of the milk-white marble of Canopus, cool as the snows of Atlas, beneath his feet,—and the waters, from the distant Nile, glancing and murmuring in their marble channels on this side and on that,—the wayfarer might travel on his path enjoying the breezy coolness of more temperate climes, although he stood beneath the intolerable brightness of an Egyptian sky. Far in the depths of those fairy gardens, girdled, as it were, by groves of almost impenetrable richness, watered by a hundred fountains, drawn, in their secret canals, from the one mighty river—that was to Egypt what the soul is to the human frame—adorned by every luxury that could be made to minister happiness to the living, stood the mansion of the dead—the mausoleum of the Ptolemies—the palace-tomb of Cleopatra.—Portico above portico, gallery upon gallery, it towered a pile of snowy alabaster, more ample in its vast accommodations, more splendid in its sculptures, more rich in its materials, than the proudest dwelling of a line of kings. The lower stories of the building, surrounded by their double and triple colonnades of Corinthian architecture, were of that construction which has obtained the title of Cyclopean, composed of gigantic blocks of stone fitted and dove-tailed, as it were, into each other, with a firmness that might well endure for ever; but in these enormous walls there was no opening,—door

nor window, nor the smallest crevice, to admit the blessed light of day to those huge receptacles of the meanest relics of mortality. Elsewhere, so singular a form of architecture would have been looked upon as something utterly unnatural and monstrous; but in Egypt, where every species of deception, and what we should now term stage-effect, was resorted to in all buildings, and particularly in such as were intended for religious purposes, it was by no means calculated to excite astonishment. Near the summit of this superb edifice, sheltered from the glare of the declining luminary by projecting awnings of muslin—the fabric of the Egyptian loom, then known by the name *Byssus*—was a long range of windows, on which the sunbeams glittered with a brilliancy, which showed that they were fitted with that most precious of ancient luxuries, the newly-invented glass.

In a small but airy apartment of this mansion of the dead, there were now collected a group of females, whose gorgeous draperies, and jewelled ornaments, would seem to denote the proud beauties of some barbaric court, rather than the mourners over the soulless tenement, which had been once a man. Situated at the very summit of the edifice, and commanding a prospect far over the wilderness of aromatic gardens that surrounded it, even to the distant city—overlooking the wide valley of the Nile, with the ocean-like channel of its giant river glancing like a stream of molten gold to the evening sun, and the vast cones of the three great pyramids distinctly drawn against the deep blue sky—that chamber might well have vied with the most beautiful retreats of king or kaiser;—nor were its internal decorations less splendid, than the scenery which its windows offered to the view. Its walls of the purest alabaster, polished till they reflected every object with the radiant exactness of metallic mirrors, its pilasters of the same rich material, with their Corinthian capitals and bases of solid virgin gold, its tessellated pavements of a thousand dies, its couches glowing with the pictured fabrics of the eastern loom, its curtains of gauze, so delicate that they well-nigh justified the hyperbole which had named them woven air, rendered it a befitting shrine for the form of beauty which seemed the presiding spirit of the place. On one of those rich couches there lay a figure of almost superhuman majesty. The eyes were closed, and the short curls parted from the noble brow; the features were not more pallid than is often seen in life; a strangely voluptuous smile still slept upon the well-defined and as yet unaltered lip, and, but for a something of rigidity and constraint in the position of the limbs, it might well have been believed that the slumbers of the warrior were not those which know no waking. His helmet, embossed with golden sculptures, rested on the ground at the foot of the low bed, its lofty crest of snowy horsehair dancing in the light air, that found its way into the chamber, and casting its wavering shadows upon the features of the dead; the jewelled corslet, which still rested on the massive chest, was stained in several places with broad splashes of gore; but if the blood had stained the face or the bare neck, that showed above the gorget more strikingly white from its contrast to the rich sunny tint of the countenance, it had been washed off with a care which had removed every sign of violence, every

symptom of death.—Perfumes had been liberally sprinkled upon the crisp auburn locks, censers were steaming with the smoke of musk and ambergris, and garlands of the freshest flowers were cast, like fragrant fetters, over the cold limbs of the sleeper. But what were all these to a single tear-drop from the mourner who sat beside his bed, gazing with a fixed and meaningless gaze, upon the features of him, whom she had loved so mightily, whom she had betrayed so madly? Her hair,—the uncurled raven hair of Æthiopia,—fell to her very feet in strange profusion, not in the undulating flow of ringlets freed from restraint, but in straight shadowy masses, such as we have sometimes seen, and known not whether to praise or censure, in some sacred painting of the Italian school. Her lineaments, of the Coptic cast, chiselled in their flowing lines of blended majesty and softness, were such as men are constrained to admire, even despite their judgment,—but her form, her limbs, her swan-like neck, her swelling bust, the rounded outlines, the wavy motion, were of a loveliness which, while they baffled every attempt at description, explained at once and justified the passionate adoration of Julius, and the frantic devotion of the Triumvir. It was Cleopatra who sat there, mourning, in desolate and speechless wo, over the wreck of him whom she had loved *alone*! Strange as it may seem, she had loved him for himself,—for himself only.—No delusion of vanity—no pride of boasting a second ruler of the universe her slave—had mingled with her deep disinterested passion. The conqueror had been merged in the man, the warrior in the lover. In peace or war, in triumph or defeat, absent or at her side, in the flush of health, or in the frail humility of sickness, he had been ever the chosen idol of her heart; and never perhaps had she loved him more entirely, or more fervently, than at the very moment of that desertion of his cause, in the hour of his utmost need, which had resulted in the downfall of his honor and of her happiness. Dark indeed, and incomprehensible, are the mysteries of a woman's heart,—impenetrable the motives, unfathomable the sources, of her hatred or affection—often most tender in the heart when coolest in appearance—most passionate when most unmoved—most faithful when most insincere. It might have been from mere womanish caprice; from a desire of probing the depth of her lover's feelings; from curiosity to learn and look upon the conduct of a baffled conqueror; or more likely yet from jealousy—jealousy that his love of honor and of empire should interfere with his devotion to her beauty,—that she had so fatally betrayed him. She might have overlooked, in the moment of action, the consequences of her flight,—she might have fancied the victory already gained, and her desertion a matter of no moment—a desertion that would wring the soul, without affecting the cause, of him whom she adored the most, when she most wantonly trifled with his tortured heart. She might have fancied that the defeat, if defeat should ensue, would not be irreparable; that the empire, lost to-day, might be regained to-morrow; that the proud Triumvir might be taught by this reverse, when the government of the universe should in after times be won by their united forces, to consider that universe as the gift of Cleopatra. It might have been one of these motives singly, it might have been all united—felt, perhaps, but not

comprehended even by herself—that had spurred her on, till escape was impossible, and hope desperate. Still it was *love* that caused her to betray him, as it was *love* that led her now to curse the day when she was born---born to be the fate of Antony. Her beautiful bosom was exposed to the light, which lingered, in a *pensile* of mellowed lustre, upon its soft yet sculptured loveliness,---the delicate veil of gauzy muslin which should have veiled those secret beauties, had been violently rent asunder, and hung in natural folds below her jewelled cincture ; and on either voluptuous globe, that hardly heaved under the influence of the chill despair that had frozen up the very sources of her grief, there was a small gout of clotted gore, a speck, such as covers the orifice of the slightest punctured wound,—but beyond these tiny witnesses, there was no stain upon her snowy kerchief, no trace of blood which had flowed freely, and been wiped away. Her hands were folded in her lap, the fingers unconsciously playing with a chain of mingled strands of golden thread and hair of a dark auburn hue. Her face was very pale, and cold, almost stern in its passionless rigidity—the eye was cast downwards, immoveably riveted upon the countenance of the mighty dead ; but from the long dark lashes there hung no tear—all was composed, silent, self-restrained grief—an occasional shiver crept, as it were, electrically through her entire frame, and now and then her lips moved, as though she were communing with some viewless form, but beyond this there was no motion and no sound. At a distance from the miserable mistress sat a group of women attired, as has been said, most gorgeously, but their sad and clouded aspects offering a fearful contrast to their sumptuous garments ; near them, and on a table of the richest porphyry, negligently strewn with instruments of music,—the Grecian lute, the wild Egyptian systrum, and the Italian pipe,—with jewelled tiaras, perfumes and cosmetics, and all the luxuries of a regal toilet, drinking cups of agate, and flasks of crystal, there stood a plain and country-looking basket, woven of the slender reeds that grow beside the lake of Mœris, filled with the dark glossy leaves and purple fruits of the fig-tree. To a casual glance it might have seemed that there was nothing in the position or contents of that basket but the simple offering of some grateful rustic to the palate of his queen ; but on a nearer view, there might be seen upon the foliage long slimy trails, twining hither and thither, as if left by the passage of some loathsome reptile. At times, too, there was a slight rustling sound, a motion of the leaves, not waving regularly as if shaken by the breeze, but heaving up at intervals from the life-like struggles of something lurking beneath ;—and now a scaly back, —a small black head, with eyes glowing like sparks of fire, and an arrowy tongue quivering and darting about like a lambent flame—it was the deadly aspic of the Nile, the most fatal, the most desperately venomous of all the serpents of Africa. Deeply, fearfully skilled, in the dark secrets of poisoning and incantation, the wife and sister of the Ptolemies had chosen this abhorred mode of avenging the wrongs of Antony ; of baffling the cool malignant hate of the little-minded man whom Rome's adulation had even then begun to style the *August* ; of freeing herself from the chains, not emblematic, of Roman servitude ; from the humiliation of being led along

in gilded fetters behind the chariot wheels of the perpetual consul; from the dungeon, the scaffold, and the axe, which closed alike the triumph of the victor, and the misery of the vanquished. Already had the news been conveyed to her—the stunning news that, save in name, she was no more a queen,—but the rumor had fallen on a deaf or unregarding ear. An earthquake, it is written, shook the earth unnoticed by them who fought at Thrasymene—an empire crumbled into ruins, unmarked by her who had lost, who had destroyed, an Antony. After the first burst of agony was over—when the self-immolated victim was borne to her in place of the burning, feeling, living lover—she had caused those hated reptiles to be brought to the tomb, which she had entered, while yet alive, in the very recklessness of dissimulation and caprice; she had applied them to her delicate bosom, and a thrill of triumphant ecstasy had rushed through her frame, as she felt the keen pang of their venomous fangs piercing her flesh, and imbuing the very sources of life with the ingredients of death. And now she sat in patient expectation, brooding over the ruin she had wrought, calmly awaiting the agony that she well knew must convulse her limbs, and distort her features from their calm serenity; while her attendant maidens, with strange and unaccountable devotion, had needlessly and almost unmeaningly followed the example of her, whom they were determined to accompany faithfully, not merely to the portals of the tomb, but into the dark regions of futurity. Now, however, when the step was taken from which there is no returning, the courage, that had buoyed them up for a moment and impelled them to the fatal measure, had deserted them. In the aspect of each, remorse, and pain, and terror, were engraved in fearful variety. One gazed, with straining eyes, over the glowing landscape, gloriously bathed in the radiance of that setting luminary, which would arise, indeed, in renewed splendor, but not for her. She saw the distant hills on which she had sported in the uncontaminated freshness of her youth, ere she had been acquainted with the sin and sorrow of courts—the nearer palaces, in whose vaulted halls she had so often led the dance in happy, because thoughtless, merriment,—and her whole spirit was absorbed in that long wistful view of scenes never to be viewed again. Another stood, as motionless as the marble column that supported her, staring upon her beloved mistress and the lifeless body; but it was evident that the images which were painted on her eye, were not reflected on her mind; at intervals a large bright tear stole slowly down her cheeks, and literally plashed on the mosaic pavement as it fell; a third, already sensible of the physical agonies that accompany the action of poison on the human system, rocked her body to and fro, every separate nerve writhing and quivering in the extremity of pain, yet still retained so much of consciousness and even of mastery over her tortures, as enabled her to repress all further symptoms of her approaching dissolution, than an occasional choking sob, a fearful and indefinite murmur between a hic-cough and a groan. It was a scene of horribly exciting interest; a scene on which a spectator feels that it is agony to gaze, while he can not for invaluable treasures withdraw his gloating eye from the fearful spectacle; a scene, from which, so strangely were terror and compassion mingled, and

interwoven with curiosity, no human being could turn away ere he had looked upon the end. The pale haughty features of the senseless clay that wielded and weaponed, but a few short hours ago, the energies of a gigantic soul,—the deeply-seated despair of the silent mourner, still full of life and spirit,—the wretched girls, repenting of their rashness, yet repressing their own anguish, lest its expression should augment that of her, for whom they had cast life away, and for whom even now—while the love of earth was uppermost in all their feelings,—they felt that they should but cast it away again, could it be again redeemed—the stillness of that gorgeous room,—the hateful reptiles crawling and hissing among the beautiful fruits,—the sunshine without, and the gloom within—all uniting to form a combination of incidents, as a painter would term them, that no painter's imagination, how vivid soever it might be, could have created. It was, however, a scene that was rapidly drawing to its conclusion;—the girl, on whose frame the venom of the aspic had taken the strongest effect, had already sunk upon the floor, and it seemed by the long and gasping efforts with which she caught her breath, that her minutes were already numbered. Notwithstanding the miserable plight in which she rolled over and over in her great agony, so callous had the feelings of her companions been rendered by the immediate pressure of their own calamities, that,—tender and delicate beings as they were, with hearts ever melting at the slightest indication of sorrow,—each one retained her station, wholly absorbed by her own heavy thoughts, and careless of all besides.

It was at this crisis that a shrill and prolonged flourish of trumpets rose almost painfully upon the ear—it was a Roman trumpet. There was a pause, a brief but awful pause, such as is often felt between the first peal of a thunder storm and the bursting deluge of the shower.—Again it rang—nearer—and nearer yet—and now beneath the very windows of the mausoleum.

As the first note sank into silence, the queen had arisen breathlessly to her feet; and there she stood motionless as a statue, her eyes still fixed upon the brow of Antony, but her lips slightly severed, her head and her whole frame expressing the earnestness, with which she listened for a repetition of the sounds—but, as the second flourish smote her ear, she threw her arm aloft in triumph; a flash of exultation kindled that glorious brow like a sunburst, and her eyes danced in their sockets with the highly-wrought ecstasy of the moment; but, while her brow and eyes were radiant with delight, the wide expansion of the nostril and the curl of the chiselled lip spoke volumes of defiance and contempt.

"It is too late!"—she cried in accents still clear and musical, though strained far above the natural pitch of her voice—"It is too late!—ye Roman robbers.—He whom your sacrilegious trumpets would have but now aroused to vengeance,—from the lightning of whose eye ye would have fled, like howling wolves before the bolts of Jove—whose voice would have stunned you, like the thunders of the Omnipotent—the conqueror of the universe has sunk to sleep, nor can your senseless clamors wake him, to the annihilation of your audacious frenzy!"—

Even as she spoke, the rattle of the ladders, by which the cohorts of the victor were scaling the porticoes of that fortress tomb, the shouts of the rude veterans, and the clang of their brazen harness, were distinctly audible; and, ere her words were ended, the same wild sounds were heard echoing along the vaulted passages and spacious halls of the story next beneath.—In another instant, their steps were heard mounting the long sloping passages, which in Egyptian architecture, affording access to the upper chambers, supplied the want of stairs. The door, formed like the walls of the apartment of polished alabaster, and invisible when closed, was violently forced, and a group of men, whose Italian complexions, and features, prominent and strongly-marked, denoted them to be the victors of the world, the iron men of Rome, stood on the threshold. All sheathed in complete armor, not decked, like that of the soft orientals, with golden sculptures or precious stones, but of brass so brightly polished that it reflected every object; perfect in the exactness with which it was adapted to their frames, in the facility of motion it left to all their limbs, and in its exquisite finish, with crested casques and crimson tunics, it would have been impossible to conceive more martial figures. Foremost of all, the laurelled conqueror of Actium entered the arena of his triumph; and, in truth, although he could not have sustained a moment's comparison with the superb person of his less fortunate rival, he looked at least, if he was not, the hero.—No flush of exultation tinged his complexion, no insolence of victory sparkled in his eye; but not the less did exultation, insolence, and cruelty live within his breast, that he was sufficiently versed in dissimulation to conceal his odious character beneath a veil of stoical indifference and mock magnanimity.

"Hail, Emperor!" cried the dying sovereign, fronting him with a demeanor a thousand times more lofty than his own—"Hail, conqueror!"—Her countenance alone would have expressed the scorn she felt, even had not her very tones been such, that the cold-blooded despot writhed beneath their lash.

"Comest thou hither, puissant lord, noble successor of the mighty Julius,—comest thou hither to violate the ashes of the dead, or to prove thy maiden valor on a weak woman?—*MACTE TUA VIRTUTE!* On—on in the path of glory!—Why, the dead Cæsar was to thee, a tyro to a Hercules! We are no Amazons to check thine impetuous valor!—Out with thy falchion, Cæsar—*THE AUGUST!*"—and she laughed in bitter scorn.

"Nay, by the faith of Jove, but we would have the lovely Cleopatra amongst our friends," replied the imperial dissembler; "thou art still free—still queen of Egypt!"

"By the great Gods, I am!—nor is it in the power of all Rome to make me other. Free was I born and royal—free will I die and royal! Cæsar, I scorn your mercies, as I defy your menaces!—My fathers left me a crown, and crowned will I go to my fathers. What—think you Cleopatra is a slave—a base and cringing slave—that she would reign by your permission, or live at your bidding? Go, trample on the abject necks of Romans—the Egyptian spits at your proud clemency. Why cling you not to your vaunting motto?—it was the wont of Rome

'Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.'

And dare ye think *me* subject—or dare ye *not* to mate my tameless pride? I tell you, Roman—you can slay thousands by a word—but, for your soul, you cannot make *one* woman live!—Away! defile me not with your vile, slavish hands. These are my subjects!"—pointing to the dying girls around her, still fond, still faithful in extremity—"this is my kingdom, this—the sepulchre of my forefathers, who were kings and sages when yours were thieves and robbers!—And this—that was but yesterday a MAN and now is nothing,—this is my Idol, and my GOD. Away—I say! One death like this, is worth a thousand abject lives like thine, and one dead Antony a hundred living Cæsars! If I betrayed thee in thy prime, thou mighty one, most dearly have I rued thy fall!—If I sent thee before me, I shrink not from treading thy footsteps. MANES of the dead—rejoice—rejoice—ye are revenged!"

Her eyes glared wildly—the death-sweat was already darkening her brow,—the foam was on her quivering lip. She must have been devoured by the fiercest inward tortures, but she made them subject to her will; and the bold veterans of a hundred battles shrunk aghast before her eloquence, keener and far more cutting than the mortal sword. She flung her arm toward the astonished victor in defiance, folded her garment decently about her limbs, placed the antique diadem of the Ptolemies upon her raven locks—and, without another word, stretched herself on the couch beside the corpse of him, to whom she had proved her love so fearfully!—She closed her eyes—but for many minutes the heavings of her bosom, and her loud and painful breathings told that the spirit was not yet extinct.—One long and shuddering sigh—one spasm—the dark eyes opened, but their orbs were glazed and lifeless—the jaw fell—and Egypt never more bowed to a native sovereign.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT. There is a beautiful sentiment of Lady Montague, in speaking of Prince Eugene, which might be made common property greatly to the benefit of society. Speaking of this great man, and referring to the influences practised upon him, to his disrepute, at Vienna, she says: "I don't know what comfort people find in considering the weakness of great men, but 'tis always a mortification to me, to observe that there is no perfection in humanity." The sentiment, if generally inculcated, would do much towards social improvement, and would tend greatly to our forbearance, if not to our toleration, of fellow infirmities. It is but seldom, indeed, that we can expose greatness to a very minute inspection. The light must never be too strong in which we view it, or we shall be more apt to discover the spots, than the delicate outlines or rich lustres that lie between them. Yet this desire is always the first in the vulgar mind. It busies itself in search of defects—such defects as we should rather regard as the characteristics of the species, than the peculiar properties of the individual—and such a mind pursues this object with avidity; if for no other object, at least to prove that greatness and littleness have a nature in some respects common between them.

SIGOURNEY'S POEMS.*

It was once said—more pointedly, indeed, than truly—that a certain degree of madness was a necessary ingredient in the composition of a poet; and so often has this quaint remark been repeated, and so remarkably has it been borne out by the conduct and characters of the greatest modern poets, that it has begun to pass current, and is now almost admitted, as a fact established by full and conclusive evidence. This is not by any means the first time, that an exception has been adopted as a rule, or a brilliant error received as a truth; but we are of opinion, seriously of opinion, that much harm has already resulted to the cause of letters from this witticism, if it may be so termed; and that more evil will follow than is at all expected, if men of wisdom continue, even in jest, to lend their authority to that which they know to be false. The evil that has been occasioned by the sanction thus given in jest, but received in earnest, is the establishment of a school of poetry, which has been termed, absurdly enough, the *Satanic* or *demoniacal*;—a school, which—founded upon the basis, and following the example laid down in the works of certain authors of undoubted genius, but, unfortunately for themselves and for their imitators, of no less undoubted eccentricity—has expressed its admiration of a Byron and a Shelley by copying, not their beauties, but their extravagances; thus extending the fallacy from its original form, and assuming that because every poet is a madman, therefore every madman is a poet. Moreland, the landscape painter, was a drunkard! but we have not yet heard that young men of talent have endeavored to qualify themselves for a niche in the temple of pictorial fame by the depth of their potations; probably because no wit has yet suggested that a certain degree of drunkenness is a necessary ingredient in the composition of a painter. It is not improbable, that many persons may think us guilty of making, what is generally known as, much ado about nothing, in thus attributing the absurdities of a school of poetry to a foolish joke, which is fast growing into a popular proverb. We detest your popular proverbs—we believe that there have been no greater debasers of public virtue than these quaint laconisms; no greater justifiers of meanness; no keener weapons in the whole armory of those who war against aught that savors of the noble, the high-flown, the old-fashioned, or the Romanesque; and, in sober earnest, we would now deprecate the further use of a remark which is now-a-days to be found in every second critique on works of poetic fiction, palliating, if not justifying, faults and follies richly deserving the reviewer's sharpest lash. Miss Edgeworth, in her beautiful novel *Helen*,

* POEMS, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Philadelphia—Key & Biddle. 1834.

has observed, with her usual penetration, that another hacknied quotation, the well-known phrase, "that no man is hero to his valet-de-chambre," has been these hundred years the comfort both of lean-jawed envy and fat mediocrity; and in our souls we believe that she is right!

We may, therefore, hold ourselves justified by high authority in the assertion that popular sayings, tending in any degree to depreciate merit or palliate absurdity, do in reality tend to check the growth of the true plant, and foster that of the weed. Lead a man into the belief that he can do nothing well, and the very belief will paralyze all his efforts;—induce a poet to believe that he must of necessity be a madman, and if the belief do not actually drive him out of his wits, it will at least induce him to feign the appearance of that frenzy, which he imagines necessary to establish his character as an inspired poet. But to what end all this,—or what have lunacy or proverbs to do with our author or her poems? Simply this,—that in our souls we do rejoice at the appearance of every fresh volume of poems, which may help to eradicate this idle and pernicious doctrine. To contend soberly and seriously against a saying—to waste argument upon a quaint remark—is to run a tilt, like the visionary of *La Mancha*, against a flock of sheep, mistaking it for a pagan host with banners displayed, and weapons brandished;—but now and then to point out the fact that there are, even now, some writers truly worthy of the name of poets, who neither are, nor aim at being thought, lunatics, may be serviceable to the good cause.

Of these writers the author of the poems now before us is decidedly one, and one not of the least remarkable. Possessing all the deep piety of Wordsworth, without any of his affected simplicity, and much of the sweetness of Coleridge, without any of his metaphysical nonsense, Mrs. Sigourney's poems are scarcely less peculiar for their straight-forward common sense, their pure and unobtrusive religion, and their deep vein of natural tenderness, than for their correct versification, their harmony, and their true poetry. Very different as she is in her general style from the English Sappho, for so, not perhaps absurdly, has Mrs. Hemans been styled, we conceive that there is still something kindred in their spirits. Mrs. Hemans is the high-souled and delicately proud poetess of an old dominion; her lays are full of the noble chivalry of a state whose associations are of aristocracy; she is the asserter of hereditary nobility, the nobility of thought, of action, and of soul, no less than of broad lands and ancient titles, yet withal she has a thousand sweet and simple songs of the cottage, and the lowly hearth. Mrs. Sigourney is the Hemans of a republic; and if she rather delights to dwell in the hamlet, to muse over the birth of the rustic infant, or the death of the village mother, it is that such is the genius of her country—the boasted associations of her land are of simplicity and freedom; and as befit the muse of such a land, so are her meditations fain to celebrate the virtues of her country's children. As a proof of what we consider strong practical common sense, united to high and holy thoughts, and to a strain somewhat loftier and more spirited than is her wont, we shall proceed to lay before our readers a poem, which has, we think, been rarely equalled, and still more rarely excelled.

ON LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE MONUMENT TO THE
MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

Long hast thou slept unnoted. Nature stole
In her soft ministry around thy bed,
Spreading her vernal tissue, violet-gemmed,
And pearled with dew.

She bade bright Summer bring
Gifts of frankincense, with sweet song of birds,
And Autumn cast his reaper's coronet
Down at thy feet, and stormy Winter speak
Sternly of man's neglect.

But now we come
To do thee homage—mother of our chief!
Fit homage—such as honoreth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee—as in olden time—
Simple in garb—majestic and serene,
Unmoved by pomp or circumstance—in truth
Inflexible, and with a Spartan zeal
Repressing vice, and making folly grave.
Thou didst not deem it woman's part to waste
Life in inglorious sloth—to sport awhile
Amid the flowers, or on the summer wave,—
There fleet, like the ephemeron, away,
Building no temple in her children's hearts,
Save to the vanity and pride of life
Which she had worshipped.

For the might that clothed
The "Pater Patriæ," for the glorious deeds
That make Mount Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine
For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,
Who, 'mid his elements of being, wrought,
We know not—Heaven can tell.

Rise, sculptured pile!
And show a race unborn, who rests below,
And say to mothers what a holy charge
Is theirs—with what a kingly power their love
Might rule the fountains of the new-born mind.
Warn them to wake at early dawn—and sow
Good seed, before the world hath sown her tares;
Nor in their toil decline—that angel-bands
May put the sickle in and reap for God,
And gather to his garner.

Ye, who stand,
With thrilling breast, to view her trophied praise,
Who nobly reared Virginia's godlike chief—
Ye, whose last thought upon your nightly couch,
Whose first at waking, is your cradled son,
What though no high ambition prompts to rear
A second Washington; or leave your name
Wrought out in marble with a nation's tears
Of deathless gratitude—yet may you raise
A monument above the stars—a soul
Led by your teachings, and your prayers to God.

pp. 262, 263.

Many—most indeed, we are inclined to think—of these poems have been published before, in various periodicals, but have never before been collected;—that they are now given to the public in a united form, should be a real subject of rejoicing to all those, who have the cause of American literature at heart; for it is a further proof, if further proof be wanting, that, despite of difficulties almost unparalleled, of neglect and coldness—nay, more, of absolute oppression—the plant of poesy has taken a deep

root in the soil of America, and waits but to be freed from the vast shadow of foreign influence that new bars from it the light of heaven, to shoot proudly upwards and extend its branches to the four quarters of our transatlantic world. It is useless to talk of patronizing native genius, till we deliver it from the overpowering competition of European talent. This deliverance—strange though it may seem—can only be effected by abolishing an unjust monopoly,—by enabling the publisher of American writings to compete with the republisher of foreign works,—which he can never do until the right of securing to himself the possession of his own work be extended to the foreign author. At present the publisher of an American work is liable to all the expenses of print and paper in common with the republisher of English books, while he is of course obliged to remunerate the writer, an expense from which the republisher is free. This unjust restriction, which was probably originally intended for the protection of native literature, is in truth its bane, and will, we trust, be speedily rescinded; for, so long as it is the publisher's interest to circulate European rather than native productions, so long will authorship in America drag on a laborious and unhonored existence; so long will the best writers of our country fly to shores where the wings of their genius are unfettered; and so long will American genius languish. Mrs. Sigourney's poems we consider then doubly valuable, as proving to the faint-hearted among us that there is no physical inability in our countrymen to compete on equal terms with the proudest of foreign poets; that we have achieved so much under circumstances strangely adverse, must at least favor the presumption, that under better auspices we may achieve yet more. On this topic we have much more to say, but we shall reserve our further lucubrations for another opportunity, and return at once to our immediate subject.

"The Cottage Scene" and "the Death of a Mother," are, we think, strong proofs of the similarity between the genius of our author and that of the other gifted lady to whom we have previously alluded, modified by the influences of early education and a different state of society, but still intrinsically resembling each other.

A COTTAGE SCENE.

I saw a cradle at a cottage door,
Where the fair mother with her cheerful wheel
Carolled so sweet a song, that the young bird,
Which timid near the threshold sought for seeds,
Paused on his lifted foot, and raised his head,
As if to listen. The rejoicing bees
Nestled in throngs amid the woodbine cups,
That o'er the lattice clustered. A clear stream
Came leaping from its sylvan height, and poured
Music upon the pebbles,—and the winds
Which gently 'mid the vernal branches played
Their idle freaks, brought showering blossoms down,
Surfeiting earth with sweetness.

Sad I came
From weary commerce with the heartless world,
But when I felt upon my withered cheek
My mother Nature's breath,—and heard the trump
Of those gay insects at their honied toil,
Shining like winged jewelry,—and drank

The healthful odor of the flowering trees
 And bright-eyed violets ;—but most of all,
 When I beheld mild slumbering Innocence,
 And on that young maternal brow the smile
 Of those affections which do purify
 And renovate the soul, I turned me back
 In gladness, and with added strength, to run
 My weary race—lifting a thankful prayer
 To *Him*, who showed me some bright tints of Heaven
 Here on the earth, that I might safer walk
 And firmer combat sin, and surer rise
 From earth to Heaven.

pp. 51, 52.

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER, SOON AFTER HER INFANT SON.

There's a cry from that cradle-bed,
 The voice of an infant's woe ;
 Hark ! hark ! to the mother's rushing tread—
 In her bosom's fold she hath hid his head,
 And his wild tears cease to flow.
 Yet he must weep again,
 And when his eye shall know
 The burning brine of manhood's pain
 Or youth's unuttered woe,
 That mother fair
 With her full tide of sympathies, alas ! may not be there.
 On earth the tree of weeping grows
 Fast by man's side where'er he goes,
 And o'er his brightest joys, its bitterest essence flows.

But *she*, from her sweet home
 So lately fled away,
 She for whose buried smile the fond heart mourns this day,
 Hath tasted rapture undefiled ;
 She hath gone to her child—she hath gone to her child,
 Where sorrow may never come.

He was the precious one,
 The prayed for, the adored—
 And from each rising sun,
 Till Night her balmy cup of silence poured,
 For him the paths of knowledge she explored,
 Feeding his eager mind with seraph's bread,
 Till intellectual light o'er his fair features spread.
 But ah ! he bowed to die,
 Strange darkness sealed his eye,
 And there he lay like marble in his shroud ;
 He, at whose infant might even trembling Love was proud.
 Yet she who bore him shrank not 'neath the rod,
 Laying her chastened soul low at the feet of God.
 Now is her victory won,
 Her strife of battle o'er,
 She hath found her son—she hath found her son,
 Where Death is a king no more.

She hath gone to see how bright doth shine
 In eternity's sphere that lamp divine,
 Which here 'mid the storms of earth severe
 She tenderly nursed with a mother's fear :
 Forgotten are all her toils,
 The pang hath left no trace,
 When Memory hoardeth in Heaven its spoils,
 These have no place.

Mothers! whose speechless care,
 Whose unrequited sigh,
 Weary arm and sleepless eye,
 Change the fresh rose-bud on the cheek to paleness and despair,
 Look up! look up to the bountiful sky,
 Earth may not pay your debt, your record is on high.
 Ye have gazed in doubt on the plants that drew
 From your gentle hand their nightly dew—
 Ye have given with trembling your morning kiss,
 Ye have sown in pain—ye shall reap in bliss;
 The mother's tear, the mother's prayer,
 In faith for her offering given,
 Shall be counted as pearls at the judgment-bar,
 And win the gold of heaven.

pp. 121—123.

Beautiful and pure, both in thought and poetry, as are both of these truly American passages, we give a decided preference to "Alice," and to "The Dying Philosopher"—the former one of the most spirited and strongest effusions we have ever read, and the latter fraught with the musings of a mind, sound in its judgment of man, and right-hearted towards God.

ALICE.

A very interesting daughter of the late Dr. Cogswell, who was deprived of the powers of hearing and speech, cherished so ardent an affection for her father, that, after his death, she said, in her strong language of gesture, that "her heart had so grown to his, it could not be separated." By the Providence of the Almighty she was called in a few days to follow him; and from the abodes of bliss, where we trust she has obtained a mansion, may we not imagine her as thus addressing the objects of her fondest earthly affections?

Sisters!—there's music here,
 From countless harps it flows,
 Throughout this bright, celestial sphere,
 Nor pause, nor discord knows.
 The seal is melted from my ear
 By love divine,
 And what through life I pined to hear,
 Is mine! is mine!
 The warbling of an ever tuneful choir,
 And the full, deep response of David's sacred lyre.
 Did kind earth hide from me
 Her broken harmony,
 That thus the melodies of heaven might roll,
 And whelm in deeper tides of bliss, my rapt, my wondering soul?
 Joy!—I am mute no more,
 My sad and silent years,
 With all their loneliness, are o'er,
 Sweet sisters! dry your tears:
 Listen at hush of eve—listen at dawn of day—
 List at the hour of prayer—*can ye not hear my lay?*
 Untaught, unchecked it came,
 As light from chaos beamed,
 Praising his everlasting name,
 Whose blood from Calvary streamed—
 And still it swells that highest strain, the song of the redeemed.

Brother!—my only one!
 Beloved from childhood's hours,
 With whom, beneath the vernal sun,
 I wandered when our task was done,
 And gathered early flowers;

I cannot come to thee,
 Though 'twas so sweet to rest
 Upon thy gently guiding arm--thy sympathizing breast :
'Tis better here to be.
 No disappointments shroud
 These angel-bowers of joy,
 Our knowledge hath no cloud,
 Our pleasures no alloy.
 The fearful word--*to part*,
 Is never heard above,
 Heaven hath no broken heart--
 Call me not hence, my love.

Oh, mother!--He is here
 To whom my soul so grew,
 That when death's fatal spear
 Stretched him upon his bier,
 I fain must follow too.
 His smile my infant griefs restrained--
 His image in my childish dream
 And o'er my young affections reigned,
 With gratitude unuttered and supreme.
 But yet till these refulgent skies burst forth in radiant glow
 I knew not half the unmeasured debt a daughter's heart doth owe.
 Ask ye, if still his heart retains its ardent glow?
 Ask ye, if filial love
 Unbodied spirits prove?
 'Tis but a little space, and thou shalt rise to know.
 I bend to soothe thy woes,
How near--thou canst not see--
 I watch thy lone repose,
 Alice doth comfort thee ;
 To welcome thee I wait--blest mother! come to me.
 pp. 157--159.

THE DYING PHILOSOPHER.

I have crept forth to die among the trees,
 They have sweet voices that I love to hear,
 Sweet, lutetlike voices. They have been as friends
 In my adversity--when sick and faint
 I stretched me in their shadow all day long ;
 They were not weary of me. They sent down
 Soft summer breezes fraught with pitying sighs
 To fan my blanching cheek. Their lofty boughs
 Pointed with thousand fingers to the sky,
 And round their trunks the wild vine fondly clung,
 Nursing her clusters, and they did not check
 Her clasping tendrils, nor deceive her trust,
 Nor blight her blossoms, and go towering up
 In their cold stateliness, while on the earth
 She sank to die.

But thou, rejoicing bird,
 Why pourest thou such a rich and mellow lay
 On my dull ear? Poor bird!--I gave thee crumbs,
 And fed thy nested little ones ; so thou
 (*Unlike to man !*) *thou dost remember it.*
 O mine own race!--how often have ye sate
 Gathered around my table, shared my cup,
 And worn my raiment, yea! far more than this,
 Been sheltered in my bosom, but to turn
 And lift the heel against me, and cast out
 My bleeding heart in morsels to the world,
 Like catering cannibals.

Take me not back
 To these imprisoned curtains, brodered thick
 With pains, beneath whose sleepy canopy
 I've pined away so long. The purchased care,
 The practised sympathy, the fawning tone
 Of him who on my vesture casteth lots,
 The weariness, the secret measuring
 How long I have to live, the guise of grief
 So coarsely worn--I could not longer brook
 Such torturing ministry. Let me die here,
 'Tis but a little while. *Let me die here.*
 Have patience, Nature, with thy feeble son,
 So soon forgot, and from thine arms,
 Thou gentle mother, from thy true embrace,
 Let my freed spirit pass.

Alas! how vain
 The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb--
 The winds shall waste it, and the worms destroy,
 While from its home of bliss the disrobed soul
 Looks not upon its greenness, nor deplores
 Its withering loss. Ye who have toiled to earn
 The fickle praise of far posterity,
 Come, weigh it at the grave's brink, here with me,
 If ye can weigh a dream.

Hail, holy stars!
 Heaven's stainless watchers o'er a world of woe,
 Look down once more upon me. When again,
 In solemn night's dark regency, ye ope
 Your searching eyes, me shall ye not behold
 Among the living. Let me join the song,
 With which ye sweep along your glorious way;
 Teach me your hymn of praise. What have I said?
 I will not learn of you, for ye shall fall.
 Lo! with swift wing I mount above your sphere,
 To see the Invisible, to know the Unknown,
 To love the Uncreated!—Earth, farewell!

pp. 214, 215.

The lines entitled "Indian Names" are also among our especial favorites, and we are only prevented from giving them a place in our pages, by the consideration that they have appeared, within the year we believe, in a sister periodical; and that we are on that account averse to inserting them, as it might be imagined that we were endeavoring to secure to ourselves an advantage intended for another. In their peculiar style they are unsurpassed—a word could not be altered without detracting from their beauty. Our notice of this little volume has hitherto exclusively consisted of praise, and in order to preserve our character for impartiality, and to prove that our praise is genuine, we will proceed to notice a few imperfections, the scarcity of which will do far more to prove the excellence of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, than the highest applause that could be lavished on them. There are not half a dozen articles in the whole book, in which the keenest criticism could find ought to censure. The poem entitled "Flora's Party" is incorrect, and inharmonious in its versification, owing to numerous false accents in the botanical names of plants, with the true pronunciation of which, as being of Latin origin, it is not perhaps so wonderful as it is to be regretted, that our author should be unacquainted. The spirited little poem entitled "*Diem Perdida*" is in like manner faulty; in the first place, because there is no such word as *perdida*—which should be written *per-*

did—making nonsense of the whole piece; and secondly, because the accent is laid on the second syllable, as *perdida*, whereas it should be on the first, as *pérdidi*. Of the same nature is another error in some beautiful lines on the battle of Zama, wherein the celebrated sentence of Cato, *Delenda est Carthago* is perverted into *Delendo*, &c. These are, it may be said, small mistakes after all, and not coming exactly under the head of poetical faults; they occur, moreover, in Latin words, with which, as we have stated above, a lady is not expected to be acquainted; if, however, she choose to introduce words of a language she does not understand, she is not entirely free from blame, if she neglect to procure the advice of persons better qualified than herself. There are, however, no faults of this or indeed any other kind, in the two sweet extracts with which we shall close our observations.

The former of these two passages, although by no means the most beautiful of the scripture sketches, we have preferred to “Methuselah,” and others of superior merit; inasmuch as though worthy of nearly as much admiration as the others, they have not been so widely circulated through the columns of the public press. “The Sea” has the great merit of originality, a quality scarcely to be looked for on a subject so thoroughly hackneyed by every poet, from Homer to Byron inclusive.

PAUL BEFORE AGRIPPA.

The son of Herod sate in regal state
Fast by his sister-queen—and 'mid the throng
Of supple courtiers, and of Roman guards,
Gave solemn audience. Summoned to his bar
A prisoner came,—who with no flattering tone
Brought incense to a mortal. Every eye
Questioned his brow, with scowling eagerness,
As there he stood in bonds. But when he spoke
With such majestic earnestness, such grace
Of simple courtesy—with fervent zeal
So boldly reasoned for the truth of God,
The ardor of his heaven-taught eloquence
Wrought in the royal bosom, till its pulse
Responsive trembled with the new-born hope
“Almost to be a Christian.”

So, he rose,
And with the courtly train swept forth in pomp.
“Almost;”—and was this all,—thou Jewish prince?
Thou listener to the ambassador of Heaven—
“Almost persuaded!”—Ah! hadst thou exchanged
Thy trappings and thy purple, for *his bonds*
Who stood before thee—hadst thou drawn his hope
Into thy bosom even with the spear
Of martyrdom—how great had been thy gain.
And ye, who linger while the call of God
Bears witness to your conscience, and would fain
Like king Agrippa follow,—yet draw back
Awhile into the vortex of the world
Perchance to swell the hoard, which Death shall sweep
Like driven chaff away, 'mid stranger hands,
Perchance by Pleasure's deadening opiate lulled
To false security—or by the fear
Of man constrained—or moved to give your sins
A little longer scope, beware!—beware!—
Lest that dread “almost” shut you out from heaven.

pp. 80, 81.

THE SEA.

Emblem of everlasting power, I come
 Into thy presence, as an awe struck child
 Before its teacher. Spread thy boundless page,
 And I will ponder o'er its characters,
 As erst the pleased disciple sought the lore
 Of Socrates or Plato. Yon old rock
 Hath heard thy voice for ages, and grown gray
 Beneath thy smittings, and thy wrathful tide
 Even now is thundering 'neath its caverned base.
 Methinks it trembleth at the stern rebuke—
 Is it not so?

Speak gently, mighty sea!
 I would not know the terrors of thine ire
 That vex the gasping mariner, and bid
 The wrecking argosy to leave no trace
 Or bubble where it perished. Man's weak voice,
 Though wildly lifted in its proudest strength
 With all its compass—all its volumed sound,
 Is mockery to thee. Earth speaks of him—
 Her levelled mountains—and her cultured vales,
 Town, tower, and temple, and triumphal arch,
 All speak of him, and moulder while they speak.

But of whose architecture and design
 Tell thine eternal fountains, when they rise
 To combat with the cloud, and when they fall?
 Of whose strong culture tell thy countless plants
 And groves and gardens, which no mortal eye
 Hath seen, and lived?

What chisel's art hath wrought
 Those coral monuments, and tombs of pearl,
 Where sleeps the sea-boy 'mid a pomp that earth
 Ne'er showed her buried kings?

Whose science stretched
 The simplest line to curb thy monstrous tide,
 And gravings "*Hitherto*" upon the sand,
 Bade thy mad surge respect it?

From whose loom
 Came forth thy drapery, that ne'er waxeth old,
 Nor blancheth 'neath stern Winter's direst frost?
 Who hath thy keys, thou Deep? Who taketh note
 Of all thy wealth? Who numbereth the host
 That find their rest with thee? What eye doth scan
 Thy secret annal, from creation locked
 Close in those dark, unfathomable cells—
 Which he who visiteth, hath ne'er returned
 Among the living?

Still but one reply?
 Do all thine echoing depths and crested waves
 Make the same answer?—of that *One Dread Name*—
 Which he, who deepest plants within his heart,
 Is wisest, though the world may call him fool.

Therefore, I come a listener to thy lore
 And bow me at thy side, and lave my brow
 In thy cool billow, if, perchance, my soul,
 That fleeting wanderer on the shore of time,
 May, by thy voice instructed, *Learn of God.*

pp. 269, 270.

In conclusion, we shall merely observe, although our fair author has stated in a preface of much humility that she has no hope of obtaining either fame or profit by her publication, inasmuch as "Poetry has been to her its own exceeding great reward," that we feel no doubt of her obtaining a nobler recompense in the admiration and applause of her countrymen, to whose fame and gratification she has so largely contributed.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

NIBLO'S DIORAMA.—THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES OUT OF EGYPT. This is, without the slightest doubt, the most magnificent painting that has ever been exhibited in the United States. Whether we regard the immense size, the splendid perspective, the accurate drawing, the perfect keeping, *chiaroscuro*, and coloring of this great picture, we cannot but pronounce it unrivalled. The point of time is the first dawn of sunlight, which is falling in bright tints upon the faces of the palaces and pyramids on the fore and middle ground, whilst the pale mists of night are still lingering on the distant horizon. The point of view is an elevated terrace in front of the palace of Pharaoh, which occupies the extreme right of the picture, presenting a magnificent façade, the second story supported by brazen colossi, with two huge figures of green porphyry in a kneeling posture on the balcony. Within the balustrade, immediately before the palace, is a group composed of the officers and wives of Pharaoh, with the tyrant himself, collected to witness the departure of the pastoral tribes. The remainder of the immediate foreground, consisting of an exquisitely painted pavement as level as nature itself, is entirely free from figures, although the steep descent, from the terrace to the vast street below, is thronged with the persons, banners, and camels of the Israelites. This descent is ornamented by two huge columns of red granite, that on the right supporting a griffin, and a gigantic statue of Memnon, close to which are seen the figures of Moses and Aaron ordering the advance of their countrymen. Nothing can be more exquisitely managed than the mass of rich shadow, which the artist has cast over this portion of the foreground, or the high relief into which the various objects, whether animate or inanimate, are brought, by the alternations of light

and shade. The figure of Memnon, to which we have alluded before, standing out from the shadows playing over the base of the left-hand column, the top of which comes out yet more brilliantly from the intense darkness still lying under the line of palaces, which form the eastern side of the vast avenue—the right-hand column, erect in deep shade, and relieved by the bright sunbeams, which illuminate a superb mass of architecture, with three huge porticos of brick and marble forming the western boundary—the group of camels which are just scaling the brow of the terrace, their deformed necks and gay equipages contrasting beautifully with the solemn sculptures around them—form in themselves alone a most wonderful picture. But it is in the perspective of the street below, stretching to a distance of at least three miles—the left side in deep shade with a range of truncated cones hewn in stone in front, covering apparently the mouths of the subterranean passages which afford access to the dwellings within—so definite and perfectly natural, that it is impossible to believe that you are looking on a sheet of level canvass. You might swear that you could fetch a ball over the summit, into the dark void that lies between the first and second of these cones. Nor can any steadfastness or length of gazing, convince us that those lofty columns are really a portion of the same smooth surface, whereon is traced the long line of palaces on either hand. At about a fourth of the distance, a triple arch is thrown over the side-walk from the western side through which the sunbeams shine so brilliantly that it almost dazzles the eye to look on them. Still farther off a huge column on a pyramidal base stands in the centre where a cross street debouches into the main avenue. To explain to our readers the exquisite illusion produced by the perspective of these streets crossing each other

at right angles, we only need mention a little incident that occurred while we were gazing—an individual who had been standing before the centre of the picture, actually moving as far as he could towards the eastern side, in order to be able, as he expressed himself, to see farther up that 'ere cross street. Beyond this intersection, the western side is occupied by a huge circular building with flanking walls and turrets, a large range of groves and gardens facing it, and two tall snow-white obelisks shooting from their verdure towards the sky which is spread out in tints that, without exaggeration, almost challenge the hues of the firmament to competition—The extreme distance is filled by the suburbs and open country beyond, bounded by a chain of mountains, with the early light just tinging their eastern faces, as it does the planes of several huge pyramids seen at various distances and altitudes above the circular palace or theatre. The whole area of street is thronged as far as the eye can reach, by swarms of men women, and children, flocks and herds, camels and banners sweeping onwards in swarms, literally countless as the leaves of the forest.

All these figures, all these buildings, groves, and columns, are painted with such richness and harmony of coloring, with so perfect a finish, and above all in such admirable perspective, both proportional and aerial, that no person, who was not absolutely certain that he was gazing at a noble picture, could for a moment doubt that he was looking on reality. We are not in general admirers of Martin's pictures, nor of the school to which he has given rise, it is exaggerated, extravagant, and often unnatural—these charges do not, however, by any means apply to the superb diorama, which we have imperfectly sketched out in order to induce all persons to go and glut their eyes with its marvellous beauty. We doubt not but the painting of the diorama is in itself infinitely superior to that of the original picture, as we look here in vain for the distorted figures and faulty proportions which are almost invariably to be discovered in the designs of the great mannerist. All that we have said in praise of this dioramic painting, though it may perhaps appear overcharged to those who have not seen the object of our admiration, will be readily allowed to be far below its real merit, by those who have looked, and lingered, and, when at length departing, turned to look again, upon that which displays fresh beauties at every successive view.—To have seen the diorama once, is not to have seen it at all.—The first gaze is

a glare—a dazzling—an amazement!—An eye's glance cannot comprehend its innumerable beauties!—The longer we hang upon its details, the more we find to admire; and when we withdraw, satisfied that we have discovered every hidden charm, we return again merely to discover that we have not, in truth, seen one tenth part of what is to be seen. For the honor of New York, we do trust that this exhibition will be appreciated; that it will be supported, not by the praise of periodicals, but by the approbation of the public, manifested in the frequency of their visits. If the "Departure of the Israelites" be suffered to languish unseen, as so many other really good collections have been permitted to do, we shall hold our peace for evermore;—if this diorama be not supported, it will be a confirmation to the doubts of those, who hesitatingly pronounce our countrymen deficient in the love of the fine arts. We confess that we have had our own doubts on this subject, when we have seen people flock in crowds to visit some worthless daub or other, while galleries of undoubted excellence have remained unvisited save by the gentlemen of the free list. We make this confession more in sorrow than in anger—more in hope than either. For it is not yet too late!—The incipient stigma may yet be turned aside!—the good taste of our fellow-citizens may yet be proved! But there is no time to be lost—one more fine picture neglected, and the reputation of New York as a patroness of the liberal arts is gone for ever. We are the more anxious, that the present experiment should prove successful, inasmuch as Mr. Niblo—than whom there is no more liberal caterer for the gratification of the public in the United States—has been at a very large expense in raising a suitable building for this exhibition, coming forward, in the most spirited manner, at a period when no other person could be found to incur the risk; and further, inasmuch as the gentleman, who has brought over this splendid piece,—and with it the Feast of Belshazzar, which, although inferior in beauty to the present exhibition, is still a noble picture,—is the owner of numerous other dioramic views, of nearly equal merit; which will be introduced, in succession, to our country, if the exertions of the proprietor, in the present instance, shall be liberally patronized, and recompensed by our citizens.

We do, therefore, entreat the public-spirited, the rich, the liberal, and the encouragers of the fine arts, to patronize this undertaking; we call upon them for the honor of the country, to step forward,

and rescue the name of America from the opprobrium, which will fall upon her, if her sons continue to look coolly upon the arts which they affect to admire and revere.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS—Part XX. New York: Monson Bancroft. We are again called upon to record the sustained promise of this beautiful periodical; but we are compelled to do so briefly. It is, we are of opinion, the best number that has yet appeared, containing two exquisite line engravings by Durand, and a respectable stippled plate by Wellmore. The first, a likeness of John Jay, after a painting by Stuart and Trumbull, is not only, in itself, one of the most perfect specimens of the improvement that has lately been made in this branch of American art, but one which conveys the assurance of being executed from an admirable painting. The keeping of the engraving is so exquisite that we feel as if we were looking at the original—the relief of head and upper part of the body from the curtain behind it, the work on the curtain itself and on the left arm and shoulder, and the delicate finish of the hands has, we think, never been excelled, and but seldom equalled. We are proud of this plate—it is an honor to the city and the country that has produced it. The second portrait, of Jacob Brown, is quite equal, perhaps even superior, as far as the *burin* has been concerned, but the artist has not had the advantage of working from so clever an original. Altogether this publication is creditable to the United States, and peculiarly so to our own city, which has from the beginning contributed all the best engravings. It is, we believe, the most popular periodical in America, and the exertions of its conductors both justify and merit the favor of the public.

DUNLAP'S HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS OF THE ARTS OF DESIGN. We regret much that we have, hitherto, been unable to afford the attention it deserves to this work. That we shall do so, and speedily, is certain—indeed, it is at present our intention to enter into an elaborate review of its merits in our next ensuing number. That it is clever and entertaining, we have heard unanimously allowed; but we regret to add, that we have also heard it very generally admitted, that it is not distinguished by that impartiality, which can alone render a work of this kind truly valuable. It is not, however, our wish by any means to prejudice the public against a work which may possess great merit;

nor indeed have we prejudged it ourselves. Such a rumor is indeed rife concerning it, but it may not, and we sincerely hope that it *will* not, prove to be true. At all events, we hold ourselves pledged to give our readers our own opinion on this point, at least, even if we should not consider it at length. In the meantime we strongly advise the public to read the work, if it be only to prove themselves free from that partiality of which the author is, we trust, falsely accused; concerning its entertaining qualities there is but one opinion.

WORDS OF A BELIEVER—translated from the French of F. DE LA MENNAIS. Chas. de Behr. We have already completed a full review of the merits of this very curious little book; but we are sorry to add, that, from a press of matter, we have been compelled to defer its appearance to our next number. At present, we must content ourselves with saying, that it is a spirited and faithful translation of a work, which created more excitement in France than was ever before produced by such means. Without justifying or blaming the doctrines of the author, we must insist upon its being a book of rare and original talent, abounding with exquisite gems of poetry, and some passages of morality so pure and pious that their excellence cannot be denied, even by the most vehement opponents that have raised up against the author, by his bitter and violent hostility to the Romish church, and by his advocating political principles deemed by many persons of the most pernicious tendency. In whatever light we regard it, this small volume is a *great* literary curiosity—we have seen none in our time to equal it.

NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE—Philadelphia. It is contrary to our usual custom, under any circumstances, to meddle, or enter into controversies, with magazines. "Hawks suld na pike out hawks' een," is a good old saying, and one to which we have hitherto so religiously adhered, that we trust we shall be at once acquitted from any improper motives, in alluding to an article, which made its appearance in the last number of our respected contemporary. We have, however, a heavy charge to bring, not against the editor, for he, we presume, is "more sinned against than sinning," but against an article entitled PLAGIARISM, which we at once pronounce to be an ill-advised, and totally unsupported accusation. All our readers have probably seen certain controversial articles, in the columns of the public press,

concerning the claims of Messrs. Wilde of Georgia, and O'Kelly of Innisfallen, to the authorship of some very beautiful stanzas, entitled "My Life is like the Summer Rose." The article in the North American Magazine, however,—favoring the claims of neither competitor to the English stanzas,—brings forward a new claimant—no less a man than old Alceus—an *alleged* fragment of whom in the *original* Greek, with a Latin version, and literal English translation appended, is published in its pages. We have taken the advice of a distinguished scholar on the subject, and finding that his opinion corroborates, and we may say confirms, our own preconceived ideas, are now prepared to state—Firstly, **THAT THERE IS NO SUCH FRAGMENT OF ALCEUS IN EXISTENCE** in any edition.—Secondly, that the alleged fragment is so full of the grossest metrical and syntactical blunders, that it can be proved not only **NOT TO BE ALCEUS, BUT NOT TO BE GREEK**—and Thirdly, that the Latin version and the English literal translation are as absurdly faulty as the Greek. Upon the whole, it is the most impudent, and at the same time the most foolish forgery, that has ever yet appeared. Ireland's Shakspeare and Chatterton's Rowley were jokes to this! It is stated in a note appended to this strange article, that the Greek verses were in the first place sent from Georgia to a highly respectable editor of this city—a gentleman whose well-known character, for unimpeachable integrity and high ability, renders it evident at once that he forwarded the fragment to the editor of the North American, *unconsidered at least, if not unread*. It is but justice to the editor of the Magazine, to state our full conviction, that he has been deceived, and is not capable of producing a wilful and malignant forgery, for the purpose of lessening the reputation of a gentleman of talents and credit. Having premised this much, we undertake in our next number to prove to the satisfaction of every scholar that the alleged fragment is a ridiculous and contemptible hoax, and—whether it has been resorted to by some secret enemy for the detriment of Mr. Wilde's reputation, or by some young collegian, for mere love of humbug and mystification—a most unjustifiable and ungentlemanly literary falsehood. We seldom resort to strong language, but this we write deliberately—advisedly—and with a full determination to expose the fraud to the best of our ability, and if possible, to ferret out the base offender, that he may not remain

"Unwhipt of Justice."

To this end, we solicit the aid of the editor of the North American, and of the

gentleman to whom we have above alluded, and to whom—had we not been miserably hurried since the discovery of the fraud—we should long ago have applied for information and advice, to assist us in bringing to a reckoning the secret perpetrator of this iniquity.

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THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, a romance from the French of Victor Hugo—is a novel of very considerable talent, but of infinitely greater *bizarrierie*! Victor Hugo is—as we presume our readers are all well aware—the leader of the *romanesque*, in opposition to the classical, or *legitime*, school of French literature, and he has unfortunately perverted his very powerful and original talents; and has thus distinguished himself nearly equally for his powers, and his misapplication of them. This work, strong as it is in many points, and containing many admirable passages, can never, we are convinced, become popular in America. The hero, Quasimodo, is an utter monster—an impossibility—Esmeralda, the gipsy girl—though beautifully wrought up—is also unnatural. The catastrophe is unpleasing; and, though we cannot fail of becoming excited, and perhaps even admirers, during its perusal, we cannot fail of exclaiming "What a farrago of absurdity is this!" as we close the book. The best character, in the novel, is that of Louis the Eleventh; and the best scene the tyrant's visit to the cage in which one of his wretched victims has languished out a wretched existence of fourteen years. This sketch is conceived in a spirit worthy of the author of *Ivanhoe*, and proves what might have been effected by the writer, had he been content to follow, in order that he might learn to lead.

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THE PARK THEATRE.—Alas! that another month should have flown past, fraught with a thousand attractions—new plays, new burlettas, new *petites comedies*, new actors; and all, we are credibly informed, excellent; and, that we should only be able to speak of them on vague hearsay!—But with a new year, better times are, we will hope, coming, and ere another month elapse, we expect to resume the dramatic notices, without which our miscellany is incomplete. Till that good time shall come, we tender a friendly farewell to all. With kind recollections of the past, and kind hopes for the coming year, and pleasant wishes for the present term of universal festivity and good will, we extend the hand of amity to all our friends, and they, we trust, are all good men.